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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop; and Characteristic Words, by T. Moore, Esq. No. ix. London 1824. J. Power.

MR. MOORE'S Irish Melodies, though published as Music, come upon us with a high claim to be reviewed as literature. Lord Byron is reported to have said, (not very complimentarily to his friend's other works, to Anacreon, Lalla Rookh, and The Loves of the Angels,) that Moore's name would descend to posterity for his lyrical compositions rather than for any other; and however we consider him entitled to take a poet's rank in another way, we are not disposed to question the truth of the noble critic's dictum.

This Number of the Melodies is well calculated to sustain the character of the work. Among the Airs we recognise old and familiar favourites: they are very sweetly set and accompanied; and the words are at once appropriate to them, and worthy of the Bard. The pieces are in general so long that they may be deemed poems rather than songs; and so pretty, that we are sure many of our fair songsters will be tasked by them hereafter in spite of the fashionable custom of giving only a verse or two to the admiring circle.

MR. MOORE is not the most happy in his *by-gone* songs—it is love which inspires him best. The following, to a tune called Paddy Snap, is, however, a fair example of the former class—

I.
Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For, oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again—
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

II.
See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If, ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And tarry untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

The following is pathetic and beautiful—it is to a plaintive, nameless, air—

I.
And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring
away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!

Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what [then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

II.
What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them like visions of yesterday
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd, [sight,
When held to the flame will steal out on the
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

III.
And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

IV.
So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone, [bliss,
To meet in some world of more permanent
For, if a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

V.
But, come,—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost, when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro'
That fast as a feeling but touches one link, [pain,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.
There is a rather misplaced note about Washington Irving, and Mr. Moore's love for America introduced, or, to use a strong and rather vulgar expression, lugged in here. It is a profession of faith hardly called for, and very contradictory to former sentiments. The Boyne Water, p. 31, is too political for song: it seems as if harmony itself could not spring from Ireland without a predominancy of discord. We pass the Boyne, therefore, for a better lay—

I.
I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be—
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

II.
The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves, quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet e'en when dead—

These—ay—these should wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward tow'rd the grave.

III.
As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchang'd by either joy or wo,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

We now copy another fanciful poem, to the tune of The Munster Man, and with it conclude—

I.
She sung of Love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips, that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

II.
But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if her light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

III.
Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

A few indifferent rhymes, and one or two poetical blemishes (in a critical view) might be mentioned; but as we should not break butterflies on the wheel, so neither ought we to dissect nightingales.

Memoirs of Painting, with a Chronological History of the Importation of the Pictures by the great Masters into England since the French Revolution. By W. Buchanan, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1824. R. Ackermann.

WERE any proof wanted of the growing interest which the Fine Arts inspire in this country, it would be found in the number of new publications respecting them which are now every week appearing. We have ten or a dozen volumes, of various descriptions, but all tending to elucidate the same subject, now on our table, and published within the last two months. Twenty years ago the whole mass of English works on Art hardly amounted to such a quantity.

Aware of the importance attached to the Fine Arts, thus every day, happily, becoming more obvious, we have not hastily taken up these novelties for review. We have wished to examine them carefully, and compare them diligently, before we delivered an opinion

upon their respective merits. This will account for our not having sooner noticed one of the most useful and valuable of them, Mr. Buchanan's Memoirs; and be apparent, we trust, in the few remarks we shall offer upon his production.

The plan of this work is excellent. Of pictures, as of horses, it is most expedient to have the genealogies; and as very sad tricks are too often played in the sale of both these articles, no lover of the Arts can render a more essential service to the public than by imparting to it an authentic and unquestionable knowledge of the real works of the great Masters. Even were taste, experience, and judgment sufficient (which they are not,) to put us always on our guard against impositions in this respect, still the successive values set upon admirable works, as they have descended from the age of their artists to our times and passed from possessor to possessor, would be and is of infinite utility. To be certain that such a piece is really the painting of such a master, that it is mentioned in such a way by such a critic, and has been bought at such a price by such a connoisseur, is of great importance; it helps us to fix a standard not only on the basis of present opinion, but on the wisdom of centuries, and, without overruling, it directs us to a sense of those beauties and excellencies which have commanded and deserved the applause of the world. Viewing them as a performance of this kind, Mr. Buchanan's volumes are most meritorious. They convey much information, not only of great general utility, but peculiarly valuable as it relates to the chief treasures of art which form the wealth of the best collections in Britain. The convulsions on the Continent, fortunately for us, threw a multitude of the chef-d'œuvres which had so long adorned France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Holland, upon the safer shores of England; and it is of these that Mr. Buchanan gives us the history. This he has done in an able manner, for he is well acquainted with the circumstances of which he treats, and a person of considerable attainments as a scientific judge of art. But while we allow him this praise, and truly state that his work is both ingenious and valuable, he will, we are sure, rather thank than condemn us for saying that he might have made it more correct, and with every additional accuracy proportionably more valuable. Errors in such a book are not merely literary faults of slight consequence—they are false lights, and mislead us on facts where every thing depends on the statements being strictly right. We will illustrate this as we proceed. Mr. B. sets out with casting a clever coup-d'œil over the Orleans Gallery and the Schools, (Roman, Lombard, Bolognese, Venetian, Neapolitan, &c.) whence it was formed; and then details the disposition of that Collection after the year 1792. In the Catalogue he particularizes the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo, bought for 3500 guineas, now among the Angerstein pictures; and adds—

"It has been reported that the late proprietor received an offer of 10,000*l.* for it from the French government, at the period when the Transfiguration was at the Louvre, for the purpose of placing it *vis-à-vis*, and thus allowing the world to form their opinion of the relative excellencies of these two great works: certain it is, that in the absence of Raphael, and a few other splendid works which have been restored to the original situations for which they were painted, there is

no picture of the Italian school now in the French gallery which can be ranked above it, and only the great Julio Romano, the Nativity, which can be placed in competition with it. Another offer of a splendid nature was lately made to the executors of the late Mr. Angerstein for this picture, and four others of the same collection, by an individual in this country, known for his refined taste; but as the Government was in treaty for the entire collection, that offer could not at the moment be entertained. This grand work has now been purchased by the British government, along with the other pictures of Mr. Angerstein's collection, for the purpose of forming the commencement of a National Gallery; and certainly no act of His Majesty's Ministers can be deemed more wise and politic, or more likely to meet with the unqualified approbation of the country at large."

Upon the latter branch of his subject Mr. B. is misinformed. The offer to which he alludes was made by Mr. Beckford for the Sebastian, the six Hogarths, the Bacchanalian Dance by N. Poussin, and the Apollo and Pan by A. Caracci. It was 16,000*l.*, and the bargain was not completed because guineas were asked, and neither party would yield the point of shillings. But what Mr. B. is most in error upon is his reasoning as it affects the Government purchase: he may rest assured that the offer of Mr. Beckford was refused long before Government entertained any intention of making this splendid national acquisition.

The next division is "the Lombard School," and the remarks seem to be chiefly translation. The next is "the School of Bologna," &c. till we come to the Flemish, where a remarkable picture is mentioned. We allude to the "St. George, with a View of Richmond in the Background," which, the author says, was bought by W. Morland, Esq. for 1000 guineas. This is the truly national picture now in the possession of that exalted Personage, who not only as the most illustrious patron of the Arts which this country ever saw, but as the Monarch of Britain, is, we may say, its rightful and natural owner: but it never belonged to Mr. Morland, nor is its price correctly stated. The St. George was bought by the late Mr. Harris, the picture-dealer of Bond-street; from whom it was obtained by Sir Charles Long for His Majesty at more than thrice the value assigned by Mr. B. And if it had cost ten times as much, we should have been equally inclined to offer our sincere eulogy to the distinguished connoisseur whose discrimination pointed it out, for securing this gem to the collection of our Kings; and we are sure every one will agree with us on this point, when we state that the picture was originally painted for Charles the First by Rubens, in this country; that it is the unfortunate Sovereign's own portrait, and was one of those national treasures dissipated by the dispersion of the royal collection.

We have thought that such anecdotes as these could not fail to be interesting to our readers; and go forward to another part of the Orleans sale. Of G. Dow, Mr. B. says—

"The prices given for the fine works of Gerard Dow have always been very high; and, more especially of late years, they have become exceedingly scarce."

"In this collection there was only one of that class."

"1. Player on the Violin—J. Davenport, Esq.—300 guineas.—This picture was again sold by Mr. Christie, at the sale of that gentleman's pictures in 1801."

"2. Old Woman and Lamp."

"3. A Dutch Woman."

"A few pictures of the finest class of this master's works have been brought to England since the period of the French revolution. One of these, his own portrait, is in the Stafford Collection, and was brought to this country by the late Mr. Bryan; another is that in the Grosvenor Collection, formerly in the Choiseul, which was brought over by Mr. Erard; a third from the same collection, the Poulterer's Shop, was purchased by Mr. Beckford in Paris; and is now in the collection of the Right Honourable R. Peel, M. P.; a fourth, likewise, from the Choiseul Collection, *l'Epiciere*, the Grocer's Shop, was purchased by the author of these sketches in Paris, for 1000*l.* and is now in the collection of His Majesty; a fifth, the Hermit at Devotion, a picture formerly in the celebrated collection of Randon de Boisset, was also consigned to Mr. Buchanan from abroad, and is now in the collection of Alexander Baring, Esq.; and to show how much the works of this master are still prized in Holland, Mr. Buchanan made an offer, in the year 1818, to Mademoiselle Van Winter of Amsterdam, of 17,000 florins, for a small picture by G. Dow of a Girl looking out at a Window with a Basket of Fruit in her Hand, which was rejected by that lady. It is true that this small picture may be considered as the most exquisite example of the works of this master. The actual offer then made to Mademoiselle Van Winter was 30,000 florins in money, for this Gerard Dow, and a Sea-piece by Albert Cuyp; of which, 17,000 were specified for the G. Dow, and 13,000 florins for the Cuyp."

This quotation will show the nature of Mr. B.'s work; and we also quote it to correct the mistake into which the writer has fallen relative to Dow's portrait. It never was in Mr. Bryan's possession, and so far from being brought to England by him, belonged to Mr. Ladbroke and his family for a hundred years before this period.

The next important collection of which Mr. B. treats is the Calonne Collection, sold in the spring of 1795. Of this he says—

"It is not so easy to give correct information in regard to the sale of this collection generally, as it is of many other of the early collections, where the pictures were sold either by private contract, or by public sale, without any, or but little reserve on the property. All that can be done here is to give the prices at which the pictures were sold by Skinner and Dyke, in spring 1795, and some notice of the collections into which the principal pictures afterwards passed; for it must be remarked, that the sale of these pictures, as made by Skinner and Dyke in the first instance, left very few of the pictures of consequence at the real option of the public; most of these having been bought in by the mortgagees, and afterwards exhibited by Mr. Bryan, at his room in Saville-row, for the purpose of being disposed of by private contract; while the residue were again sold at a subsequent sale made by Mr. Bryan, in the year 1798, along with some pictures of consequence which he had at that time imported from Flanders and Holland."

Where a transaction is rather secret, it is not easy to get at the precise truth; but we believe we may safely state that this collection was not bought by the mortgagees, but by a purse made up on speculation, in which our late friend Mr. Bryan was the agent. But however that was, there is a blunder at page

254, for the commission of which we cannot acquit Mr. Buchanan without the reproach of carelessness. We copy the following from him:

"97. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Mrs. Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muse. The majestic dignity with which he has portrayed this tragical heroine of the stage is admirably conceived, and is full of expression and contemplative energy. The character is powerful, yet retaining the delicacy and beauty of resemblance; while the attendant attributes are poetically and well fancied. This picture alone would be sufficient to hand to posterity the name of the first rate native genius that has adorned this country, had we no other proof of his great and transcendent merit. M. de Calonne paid Sir Joshua Reynolds 800 guineas for it, and thought the merit of this picture far exceeded any fixed sum. It is now in Dulwich College."

Now, really the author ought to have known that Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse was sold last spring by Mr. Christie for 1750 gs at Mr. Watson Taylor's sale; and he ought to have been the more certain about this picture, as he himself sold it to Mr. W. Smith, from whom it passed into Mr. Taylor's hands! The Dulwich Gallery picture is notoriously a copy. It was painted for Des Enfans, who ordered the original for M. de Calonne; and, if we may express our own opinion, we absolutely doubt its being a copy by Reynolds: it looks very like an inferior painter.

The next collection discussed is Mr. Bryan's, sold in 1798; and in this a similar error appears, which it is a curious coincidence should also relate to a lady upon the stage:

"43. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—The Portrait of Mrs. Billington. This great ornament of the British school, whose taste and spirit were so conspicuous in bursting the shackles of formality—in which portrait-painting was confined by his immediate predecessors, and who gave to the charms of nature the graces of attitude—has happily depicted the figure and fascinating countenance of Mrs. Billington, characterised as St. Cecilia, and has given all that expression of feature which bespeaks a mind intent upon the harmony of sweet sounds. The choir of angels are judiciously introduced and extremely animated. This admirable picture is deservedly esteemed one of Sir Joshua's best performances, and is entitled to rank in distinction as a fit companion to the Tragic Muse of Mrs. Siddons."

We are certain that if ever Mr. Hope had possessed this picture he would have kept it: the fact is, he never had it. It is the property of some gentleman who resides near Manchester, but we do not remember his name. Again—

"58. PAUL POTTER.—Group of Cattle in a Landscape. This prodigy of art has ever been considered as the master-piece of the inimitable Potter, and deservedly authenticates the great reputation of the works of that scarce and incomparable painter. He unites boldness of effect with the most delicate accuracy of drawing. The animals appear not like painting, but the real objects, and the truth of character he has given to each evinces the extraordinary attention he has paid to nature in the delineation of this interesting group. This inestimable cabinet picture was painted for the family of Valkeneer, at Amsterdam, where Mr. Bryan purchased it."

"59. REMBRANDT.—The Centurion—vide

Acts, Chap. x. The wonderful powers displayed by Rembrandt in this extraordinary production equally excite our astonishment and admiration. It is impossible to conceive a picture of more striking and impressive effect. The art of colouring, and the knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, are here carried to the highest point of perfection. The expression of the heads is inimitably characterised, and the subject is treated with the most dignified propriety. This invaluable picture has ever been considered in Holland as the distinguished master-piece of their greatest painter, and was purchased by Mr. Bryan of the family of Boers, at the Hague, for whom it was originally painted, and has ever been the object of universal admiration.

"These two last pictures were purchased by the late Sir Francis Baring, and were afterwards ceded by the present Sir Thomas Baring, along with the whole of the Flemish part of his collection, to His present Majesty, about the year 1812, which laid the foundation for the fine collection of Flemish and Dutch pictures now at Carlton Palace."

The first-mentioned picture was in the British Gallery last year, and was munificently contributed by its owner, the Duke of Bedford. The last was bought by the Duke of Buckingham, and is in his Grace's collection; so that, not being in Carlton Palace, neither could have formed the nucleus mentioned. It is however true that the pictures obtained by the King from Sir T. Baring, were the chief basis of His Majesty's admirable collection of the Dutch and Flemish Schools.

The Holderness and Vitturi collections finish the first volume. At page 327, Mr. Angerstein is spoken of as having given 2500l. for the long Cuyt Landscape. He gave only 1500l.

In his second volume the author gives a Catalogue of Mr. Day's pictures, which were sold in 1800-1801, and comprised some famous works. The Uncey, and still more the Ottley Collection, furnish much valuable information. The importation of the Altieri Claudes is the next distinguishing feature; and we have the details of Robit's collection sold at Paris, but from which many pictures were brought to England. Sir W. Hamilton, it appears, did not obtain many masterpieces; but Mr. Buchanan's account of his and several other minor collections fills up the requisite historical intelligence for which we look to his publication. The relation of his own labours in importing pictures is also replete with interest, though we notice one or two mistakes in it. Thus, for example, Morillo's portrait of Nivez is said to have been sold to Mr. Taylor for 1000 guineas, whereas the price was 500l.; and the paragraph respecting Lord Grosvenor's Rubenses is, we are inclined to think, altogether erroneous. We are not acquainted with the particulars, but we know that his Lordship did not, as stated, give Mr. Bourke, the Danish minister, 10,000l. for these superb productions.

But though we have pointed out these inaccuracies, we trust it will not be imagined that we lightly appreciate Mr. Buchanan's services to the Fine Arts, and their promotion in this country. For above twenty years he has been a zealous labourer in this field, and has enriched England with many of its most glorious spoils. From what he says, we fear that his individual fortune has not been in proportion to his public exertions. His Memoirs, however, have fairly put him on the way to reward, and the success which they

merit will doubtless, in some measure, gratify his reasonable expectations. How far private persons situated as he is have a claim on Government, we are not prepared to say: it seems at first sight, that though public benefit be the result of private speculations, yet the agent has no ground for looking farther for recompense than to what his own bargains may produce. Towards the conclusion, Mr. B. mentions the collection of Marshal Soult; and we rejoice to learn that it is not unlikely to find its way to London. It is a very fine one. We remember an evening party at a celebrated French Minister's in Paris, where it was the subject of conversation; and one gentleman observed that it was infinitely more rich than the Duke of Wellington's. "Ah, (rejoined one of the company,) but the Duke of Wellington obtained all his collection honestly!"

But to conclude, we sincerely recommend Mr. B.'s publication to the admirers of the Fine Arts and to the public generally. That we have pointed out all the errors we could discover in a work containing so much valuable information, shows the importance we attach to it, while at the same time it is advancing the great object the author had in view. With these corrigenda, his volumes must be highly useful; we might say they are indispensable. Should another edition be called for, more prices might be got from preserved catalogues.

Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Corsica and Sardinia, during the Summer of 1821, &c. in his Lordship's Yacht Mazeppa. pp. 79. London 1824. J. Limbird.

This hoax seems to have completely taken in the purveyors for honest John Bull; if we may judge from seeing it quoted in many Newspapers, without the least expression of doubt as to its authenticity, or any suspicion whatever of its absurd facts. Storms, as real as that remarkable tempest which wrecked Robinson Crusoe, and adventures as true as those which befel Lemuel Gulliver, have been by our credulous contemporaries traced and referred to with as implicit a confidence as the Dutch Burgomaster followed the latter on his chart till he lost his track in *nubibus*. We shall by and by expect to have 'Sinbad the Sailor' republished as a genuine history; and are quite sure that it would not be more difficult to discover *el dorado* than to find (as this narrative does) the classic Mount Campanus somewhere in the heart of Corsica. At Corte, it states, the party resided with Mr. Segaro, a wine merchant, (the jest of the name one would think would have taught our brethren to smoke the joke,) and the writer pleasantly observes "It was from Corsica the *Ancient Romans* procured the so much famed *Falerian*!!! and M. Segaro called his by that name: it is made from a small yellow grape, and when brought to table cool (i.e. not boiled) tasted deliciously."—No more: where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise; and so the *ancient Romans* imported their *Falerian* from Corsica, where it was made by some of the equally ancient Segaros. At the same time they brought their pure Virginia and odorous Havannahs from Hobart's Town and Japan.

It is hardly worth while to take any farther notice of this production; but to show how large the swallow is of that big gull called the Public, and how well informed some of its literary lights are, we may as well amuse ourselves with it for a few minutes.

Lord Byron, it seems, calling himself and desiring to be called Lord Newstead, with the Countess Guiccioli as Lady N., Mr. Shelley, a Doctor P-Toe (who is disposed of by drowning), and sundry others, sailed about in the Yacht *Mazeppa* for five months, visiting Bastia, "the capital of the sea coast" of Corsica, and being received by all Kings, Queens, Sovereign Princes, and Governors, where his Lordship went, with royal salutes, and all etiquette honours due to his style of travelling, and the exalted character of his company. Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the writer of this work, was one of these, "who sailed in the same vessel and slept under the same roof," (the yacht was slated or tiled, we presume;) and he has published the account "in justice to the memory of Lord B.—for there are, says he, few individuals whose character has been less understood or more maligned;" which we are partly induced, to acknowledge, when we learn from such unquestionable authority that "a tempest was not more impetuous, nor lightning more swift in execution, than he."

It must have been interesting to sail with an individual of this kind, and his fellow passenger meets accordingly with just such wonderful incidents as were to be expected; and to do him justice, his descriptive style is not unworthy of the subject. For instance, when they depart, "The spires of Venice illuminated with the last rays of the setting sun, and her silvery white palaces lightened by his beams—around which the sea appeared as a halo of glory—an earthly antepast of the heavenly bright city—the abode of the blessed." This is the genuine *magnifico*; and the reasons for the voyage and its minute circumstances are equally captivating—

"I have (said his Lordship) a death-bed promise to fulfil, and I would sooner perish than break it; if any of you are inclined to accompany me—say so—my yacht is sufficiently large to accommodate you all."

"We all thanked his Lordship, and agreed to go, when, and where he pleased."

"We lingered on the bosom of the gulf till past midnight; at supper his Lordship became thoughtful, and began to beat time with his fingers on the table, as he hummed a tune, which we took as a signal, and retired to rest."

Upon referring to the log, it is ascertained that the time beat by his Lordship on the table was "the Devil among the Tailors." But between the time of Cleopatra's barge on the Cydnus and the City of London's new barge which will illuminate the Thames on Lord Mayor's Day, eye hath not seen such a wherry as the *Mazeppa*.

"The inside was neatly decorated with mahogany pillars and silk curtains. The sofas, chairs, mirrors, sideboard of plate, and every thing useful, partook of elegance, but not in the extreme. The quarter-deck appeared like a drawing-room—a range of sofas, plainly covered with morocco leather, went all round—the deck was covered with oil-cloth; swinging tables for holding books, bottles, glasses and fruits, occupied the centre; and the rudder was so contrived, that the man steering sat out of sight and hearing at the extreme of the poop. The vessel's outside was painted yellow, with two broad gilt stripes, and the figure head was that of a Cosack, in allusion to her name, the *Mazeppa*, well carved by a Venetian artist. She was allowed to be the handsomest vessel of her kind, and the fastest sailer that belonged to the port of Venice."

"The colours were Venetian, of silk and satin, fancifully embroidered by the Marchioness de G—, and her friends, and there were forty spare flags kept for show. Two months provisions and wine for a crew of twenty men was on board; a cow and four goats to give milk; three horses and a mule with a spring caravan occupied the centre of the hold; and the cabin stock of fowls, sheep, &c. was such, that even Sir William Curtis could not have found fault with it."

"The fore-castle deck could be thrown into the shape of an orchestra; six of the crew were good musicians—and every one of the party played on some instrument. Two small brass cannon pointed over the prow—and there was one on each side of the quarter-deck, also fire arms and sabres for us all."

How delightful! Well, in this trim they bore away, paid their respects to the Castle of Otranto, where all the ancient ghosts remain as mentioned in the authentic records of that place, and then proceeded till they reached Messina, a "poor city" in the isle of Sicily. Here the Governor received the illustrious strangers on the Pier, and the writer adds—

"Politely showed us the various places where battles had been fought betwixt King Joachim Murat, and the British and Sicilian forces. Taking leave of the governor, we landed on the Calabrian side—and drank a bumper on the summit of a hill where Murat had pitched his tent, and was surprised at dinner by four hundred British seamen and marines, who had unexpectedly landed; he escaped from the back of the tent, as they entered the front, leaving behind him his hat and sword—all his plate, and the dinner smoking on the board—which the British dispatched very comfortably, and returned to their boats laden with spoil."

"Murat," said his Lordship, "was a good soldier, but the most ignorant fellow on every subject except fighting, that I ever conversed with."

We know what was the fate of Murat; but what became of the British seamen and marines who so comfortably eat up his hat and sword, and all his plate, is not related. Leaving Messina, where this extraordinary feat was performed, our marvellous navigators did, themselves, a bit of the sublime. "Our foresail was split to shivers, and the vessel struck the ground, to the great consternation of the ladies. We laboured till midnight before the vessel floated; Mount Vesuvius was burning, and afforded us an excellent light; and by help of this

Watch tower in the skies we shaped a course to sea: Mount Stromboli was truly blazing, and had a terrific appearance in the darkness."

By this light we never read aught more superb; but whether the scene was really light or dark is as difficult to tell, as, from the ensuing sentence, whether it was calm or stormy:

"The sea was tolerably calm, and every one went to rest, except the watch and his Lordship, who, wrapped in his cloak, walked the deck till day-break, when, the weather still continuing severe, we pushed into a small harbour in the principal of the Lipari isles, where we rode tranquilly land-locked from the ocean and the storm."

After this the crew began to fish for bream, a shoal of which they discovered sucking sea-weeds!

"All our instruments were set in motion. The Marchioness, with a flying lance, killed

three dozen, and his Lordship missed an equal number; these fish weighed about three pounds each; we salted them down in beef casks, and there still remained sufficient for three fresh meals for the crew, besides what we reserved for the cabin."

Some fine Newcastle pickled salmon and Yarmouth red herrings, shoals of which were also swimming about, were speared at the same time; and thus amply provisioned, the *Mazeppa* pursued her course, rejoicing, for Corsica. But not without encountering farther wonders; for she fell in with a Turkish frigate, which Lord Byron hailed in Arabic, and brought to, to examine.

"His Lordship was received on board with a salute of nine guns; out of respect to the Ottoman flag he dressed in a splendid pelisse of blue satin, gold embroidered vest, and white silk sash, in which were placed a gold-mounted dagger and pistols; a linen turban with a gold crescent, and ostrich feathers covered his head; and we thought him the handsomest Turk in existence: beard, he wore none, but the Marchioness fixed on his upper lip a pair of mustaches made of her own hair."

"The frigate mounted forty guns; her name was 'The Omar;' her commander, Muley Abdallah, was recognised by his Lordship as an old acquaintance."

To this event succeeds the account of the hurricane (which has been copied into almost every newspaper) in which Mr. Shelley is represented as having been terrified into being a true believer and a fervent Prayer of prayers, and Dr. Peto as having been washed overboard, to the great gratification of his companions. The yacht itself had so miraculous an escape, that no man who ever saw the sea, a lee shore, a reef, or a breaker, will believe it. Lord Byron stripped and took a scent box in his hand, determined to swim for his life; the Countess went to bed; Mr. Shelley fainted; Doctor Peto (it was before his accident) wrapt his cloak about his learned head; Captain F— filled his breeches pockets with dollars in order to pay his expenses in the water; and all were prepared for their fate in the way most agreeable to themselves, when a "mountain billow" tossed them, vessel and all, fairly over the breakers "that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence, as if incensed at the loss of their [not] destined prey." Poor Peto was the Jonah of this occasion; and the rest went to dinner in high glee, as soon as Lord B. had performed his toilet, and, as if he had not had wet enough before, taken one or two marble baths which were in the rear of the cabin!

In Corsica the adventures are, if possible, more amazing; but we will instance only one. Lord Byron went out to hunt wild boars with a nice girl of sixteen, a native, the niece of a bishop, and, as it appears, a surpassing sports-woman. "She sprang the boars," and the venerable prelate, her uncle, shot one of them, but the other, though wounded, got away into a deep stream.

"His Lordship expressed a wish to take him alive: instantly our female guide unloosed a small leather cord which was twined half-a-dozen times round her middle, and plunged into the stream with admirable dexterity; she got it round the boar's head and fore legs, and flung the end of it to us on the bank, when we dragged him up a prisoner with ease. She laughed heartily at the concern his Lordship showed for her wet state,

and assured of the danger.

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and assured us she was so often, in the course of the day, and never had a cold in her life."

As an experiment how much falsehood and nonsense the enlightened public may be induced to gulp, this work has been a glorious hit. We have laid it beside the *Travels* of our esteemed and plain-dealing friend, the worthy Baron Munchausen; and if we never happen to consult it for the immense mass of geographical, nautical, historical and scientific information which it contains, it will at least always afford us a laugh at the well-informed persons of the press, who have pinned their simple faith to its details, and caused them to be credited by others.

MEDWIN'S CONVERSATIONS OF BYRON.

WHATEVER are the merits or demerits of publications like that to which we are now about to pay our last *devoirs*, it is at least evident that the public has a strong appetite for them. It is undoubtedly true that the practice of betraying private intercourse, has of late become very common. As men live now, they are more than ever exposed to have all their

- - - faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learnt and conned by rote, to cast before the curious world. But if ever there was an occasion in which the general rule might be dispensed with, we cannot help thinking that the case of Lord Byron formed the plausible exception. He gibbeted himself so openly, that little reserve towards him could be claimed from others; and many of the persons who figure in Capt. Medwin's pages, had also contrived to make themselves previously so notorious, that they could have small reason to complain of exposure.

But the great objection to such works must lie against their inaccuracy. Many a true word may be spoken in jest; but to deduce a person's serious opinions from the chit-chat of mixed conversation, from arguments springing out of any source, perhaps, rather than a conviction of their truth; from random assertions and varying feelings—is both unjust and ridiculous. We do not think that Lord Byron possessed a steady and commanding mind: no man ever veered more, or yielded to the tone of the parasites and whisperers who happened to be about him; and a literal collection of his talk for a twelvemonth would only be a medley of falsehoods, contradictions, and misrepresentations, without affording so much light as would guide us to his real sentiments on any one subject.

We have a striking example of this in the volume before us, where he is reported to have said so and so respecting Mr. Murray, his publisher. We knew, when we perused these passages, that they must be unfounded, and indeed were aware of circumstances which invalidated several of the statements. Since then, however, Mr. Murray has been advised to prepare for private circulation, a few Notes on the subject; and we are astonished to observe the utter groundlessness of every syllable imputed to Lord B. as relates to him, and the very complete manner in which he refutes every particular item of these injurious and scandalous insinuations. It is in such matters that such publications are most mischievous; and writers ought to be very guarded how they wing those arrows which strike at individual character. Mr. Murray's little pamphlet is very honourable to him. It labours at no reasoning, but simply states facts, and produces Lord Byron's own

letters to confound Lord Byron's Conversations with Captain Medwin. As these are of very considerable public interest, and illustrate Lord Byron's character and life, we offer no apology for adopting them into our pages.

Capt. Medwin, p. 167.

"Murray offered me, of his own accord, 1000*l.* a Canto for Don Juan, and afterwards reduced it to 500*l.* on the plea of piracy, and complained of my dividing one Canto into two, because I happened to say something at the end of the third Canto of having done so."

Lord Byron's Letter.

"Ravenna, Feb. 7, 1820.

"Dear Murray,—I have copied and cut the Third Canto of Don Juan into two, because it was too long, and I tell you this beforehand, because, in case of any reckoning between you and me, these two are only to go for one, as this was the original form, and in fact the two together are not longer than one of the first; so remember that I have not made this division to double upon you, but merely to suppress some tediousness in the aspect of the thing. I should have served you a pretty trick if I had sent you, for example, Cantos of fifty stanzas each."

Capt. Medwin, p. 169.

"I don't wish to quarrel with Murray, but it seems inevitable. I had no reason to be pleased with him the other day. Galignani wrote to me, offering to purchase the copyright of my works, in order to obtain an exclusive privilege of printing them in France. I might have made my own terms, and put the money in my own pocket; instead of which, I enclosed Galignani's letter to Murray, in order that he might conclude the matter as he pleased. He did so, very advantageously for his own interest; but never had the complaisance, the common politeness, to thank me or acknowledge my letter."

Lord Byron's Letter.

"Ravenna, 9bre 4, 1820.

"I have received from Mr. Galignani the enclosed letters, duplicates, and receipts, which will explain themselves. As the poems are your property by purchase, right, and justice, all matters of publication, &c. &c., are for you to decide upon. I know not how far my compliance with Mr. G.'s request might be legal, and I doubt that it would not be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him, I enclose the permits to you, and in so doing I wash my hands of the business altogether. I sign them merely to enable you to exact the power you justly possess more properly. I will have nothing to do with it further, except in my answer to Mr. Galignani, to state that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to you, and the causes thereof. If you can check these foreign pirates, do; if not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can have no view nor object whatever but to secure to you your property."

Note.—Mr. Murray derived no advantage from the proposed agreement, which was by no means of the importance here ascribed to it, and therefore was never attempted to be carried into effect: the documents alluded to are still in his possession.

Capt. Medwin, pp. 169—171.

"Murray has long prevented 'The Quarterly' from abusing me. Some of their bullies have had their fingers itching to be at me; but they would get the worst of it in a set-to.

"Murray and I have dissolved all connexion: he had the choice of giving up me or the Navy List. There was no hesitation which way he should decide: the Admiralty carried the day. Now for the Quarterly: their batteries will be opened; but I can fire broadsides too. They have been letting off lots of squibs and crackers against me, but they only make a noise and * * *"

"Werner" was the last book Murray published for me, and three months after came out the Quarterly's article on my Plays, when 'Marino Faliero' was noticed for the first time."

Lord Byron's Letter.

"Genoa, 10bre 25, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly without perusal, having resolved to read no more reviews, good, bad, or indifferent; but who can control his fate? Galignani, to whom my English studies are confined, has forwarded a copy of at least one half of it in his indefatigable weekly compilation, and as, 'like honour, it came unlooked for,' I have looked through it. I must say that upon the whole—that is, the whole of the half which I have read (for the other half is to be the segment of Gal.'s next week's circular), it is certainly handsome, and any thing but unkind or unfair."

Note.—The passage about the Admiralty is unfounded in fact, and no otherwise deserving of notice than to mark its absurdity; and with regard to the Quarterly Review, his Lordship well knew that it was established and constantly conducted on principles which absolutely excluded Mr. Murray from all such interference and influence as is implied in the 'Conversations.'

Capt. Medwin, p. 168.

"Because I gave Mr. Murray one of my poems, he wanted to make me believe that I had made him a present of two others, and hinted at some lines in 'English Bards' that were certainly to the point. But I have altered my mind considerably upon that subject: as I once hinted to him, I see no reason why a man should not profit by the sweat of his brain as well as that of his brow, &c.; besides, I was poor at that time, and have no idea of aggrandizing booksellers."

Lord Byron's Letter.

"January 2, 1816.

"Dear Sir,—Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth—but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever."

"P. S. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accidents by the way.—I wish you would not throw temptation in mine; it is not from a disdain of the universal idol—not from a present superfluity of his treasures—I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him—but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances."

Note.—The above letter relates to a draft for 1000 guineas, offered by Mr. Murray for two Poems, the Siege of Corinth and Parisina, which his Lordship had previously, at a short interval, presented to Mr. Murray as donations.—Lord Byron was afterwards induced, by Mr. Murray's earnest persuasion, to accept the 1000 guineas, and Mr. Murray

* The fact, we believe, is, that Mr. Murray was Lord Byron's publisher for several years before the Admiralty business came to him; and therefore he could have no differences to reconcile.—Ed. L. G.

has his Lordship's assignment of the copyright of the two pieces accordingly.†

Captain Medwin, p. 166.

"Murray pretends to have lost money by my writings, and pleads poverty; but if he is poor, which is somewhat problematical to me, pray who is to blame?"

Mr. Murray is tender of my fame. How kind in him! He is afraid of my writing too fast. Why? because he has a tender regard for his own pocket, and does not like the look of any new acquaintance in the shape of a book of mine, till he has seen his old friends in a variety of new faces; *id est*, disposed of a vast many editions of the former works. I don't know what would become of me without Douglas Kinnaird, who has always been my best and kindest friend. It is not easy to deal with Mr. Murray."

Note.—In the numerous letters received by Mr. Murray yearly from Lord Byron, (who was not accustomed to restrain the expression of his feelings in writing them) not one has any tendency towards the imputations here thrown out: the incongruity of which will be evident from the fact of Mr. Murray having paid, at various times, for the copyright of his Lordship's Poems, sums amounting to upwards of 15000*l.* viz.—

Child Harold I. II.	1600
III.	1575
IV.	2100
Ginour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	315
Beppo	525
Don Juan I. II.	1525
III. IV. V.	1525
Doge of Venice	1050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1100
Mazeppa	525
Chillon	525
Sundries	450

£15,455

Capt. Medwin, p. 170.

"My differences with Murray are not over. When he purchased 'Cain,' 'The Two Foscari,' and 'Sardanapalus,' he sent me a deed, which you may remember witnessing. Well; after its return to England, it was discovered that * * *

This is after filled up as follows—

"It contained a clause which had been introduced without my knowledge, a clause by which I bound myself to offer Mr. Murray all my future compositions. But I shall take no notice of it."

Upon this it is remarked by Mr. Murray—

Note.—On referring to the deed in question, no such clause is to be found; that this instrument was signed in London by the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, as Lord Byron's procurator, and witnessed by Richard Williams, Esq., one of the partners in Mr. Kinnaird's

† The correspondence on this head is very curious, (for we have seen the originals of these letters.) Lord B. freely and distinctly gives the poems. Mr. M. then handsomely offers the 100*l.* guineas in gratitude for his success, which Lord B., as is above quoted, peremptorily refuses! But some weeks after he writes to Mr. M. that Mr. Rogers and * * * have convinced him that he ought not to be so generous to book-sellers, and he is persuaded to recall his gift, or rather to accept the sum for it he had before rejected. But as if ashamed (and no wonder) of this inconsistency, he asks Mr. Murray to send the cheque to a third person, Mr. Godwin, to whom his Lordship destines it as a present. Upon this mode of arrangement Mr. M. very naturally put his negative; and in the end the affair was settled by his paying Lord B. himself the thousand pounds for what he had received perfectly gratuitously.

banking-house; and that the signature of Captain Medwin is not affixed.

Mr. Murray adds, that having accidentally heard that Lord Byron was in pecuniary difficulties, immediately forwarded 1,500*l.* to him, with an assurance that another such sum should be at his service in a few months; and that, if such assistance should not be sufficient, Mr. Murray would be ready to sell the copyright of all his Lordship's works for his use.

The following is Lord Byron's acknowledgment of this offer:

"November 14, 1815.

"Dear Sir,—I return you your bills not accepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*. Your present offer is a favour which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. Had such been my intention, I can assure you I would have asked you fairly and as freely as you would give; and I cannot say more of my confidence or your conduct. The circumstances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently are not *immediately* pressing. I have made up my mind to them, and there is an end. Had I been disposed to trespass on your kindness in this way, it would have been before now; but I am not sorry to have an opportunity of declining it, as it sets my opinion of you, and indeed of human nature, in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to consider it. Believe me very truly

"Your obliged and faithful servant,
"To John Murray, Esq. BYRON."

Note.—That nothing had occurred to subvert these friendly sentiments will appear from the three letters subjoined, the second of them written by Lord Byron a few weeks before his death, and the last addressed by his Lordship's valet to Mr. Murray as one of his deceased master's most confidential friends.

Lord Byron's Letters.

"May 8, 1819.

"I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your personal friendship towards me. * * * * * You deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having, and of none more (however useless it may be) than

"Your's very truly,
"BYRON."

"Missolonghi, Feb. 25, 1824.

"I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird that you state a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having arrived from Italy, said to be written by me, but that you do not believe it; I dare say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind on Gifford lies in his throat; I always regarded him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son. If any such composition exists, it is none of mine. You know, as well as any body, upon whom I have or have not written, and you also know whether they do or did not deserve the same—and so much for such matters.

"You will, perhaps, be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is most liable to invasion), but you will hear enough through public and private channels on that head. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public, for we are here jumbled a little together at present.

"On Sunday (the 15th, I believe) I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack which left me speechless, though not motionless, for

some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, apoplexy, or what other *ery* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided, or whether it was spasmodic, or nervous, &c., but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety,) and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after an hundred attempts.

"On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts, the Turks burned her, and retired to Patras. On Thursday, a quarrel ensued between the Sulioti and the Frank Guard at the arsenal; a Swedish officer was killed, and a Suliot severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer buried, and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives were in danger, and are for quitting the country—they may. On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember, (and I have felt thirty, slight or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean) and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon: it was a rare scene altogether. If you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a Cockney workshop before, nor will again if they can help it! And on Sunday, we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa with one hundred and odd thousand men.

"In coming here I had two escapes from the Turks. — Your's, &c. &c. "N. B."

"To John Murray, Esq.

The letter of Lord Byron's Valet we do not think it necessary to copy; but surely the whole lead most conclusively to the closing.

Note.—Other letters from Lord Byron, of the same tenor and force with these now produced, might have been added. But it is presumed that these are sufficient to demonstrate in the present case, what has been demonstrated in many others, that desultory, ex-parte conversations, even if accurately reported, will often convey imperfect and erroneous notions of the speaker's real sentiments.

JOHN MURRAY.

Albemarle-street, 30 Oct. 1824.

We intended to make a farther extract from Captain M. this week; but we have already so much of Lord Byron that we must postpone it till our next.

Friendship's Offering, or the Annual Remembrancer: a Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift, for 1825. L. Relie.

This is another of those very beautiful and appropriate works which the improved taste of the day has formed upon the model of the usual pocket-books and almanacks, but far surpassing them in ornament and in literary character. Mr. Relie seems to have spared no expense to render his offering worthy of the friendship of the public. Its external appearance is fanciful and elegant; consisting chiefly of Gothic designs, richly coloured and gilt, like some of ancient Missals. Nor has he failed in the more essential part; for the contributions to the internal matter, besides the embellishments, are various, pleasing,

and interesting. A modest preface thus concludes:—

"From the British fair, in particular, we fondly anticipate a kind reception for our little volume, adorned as it is with the names of an Opie, an Edgeworth, and the sweet chancress of the Improvisatrice, three of the purest stars in the bright Galaxy of the female genius of Britain, whose attraction cannot fail to be a powerful recommendation to 'Friendship's Offering.'

We are sorry that it is not in our power to show how justly this hope is founded, by giving specimens of the three fair authors alluded to; but Mrs. Opie's tales are too long for all the space we can assign to this notice, and to mutilate would be to spoil them. They are very well told, and extremely proper for the class of readers to whom publications like this are principally addressed. From 'The Mental Thermometer,' a Novel thought to be written by Miss Edgeworth, without copying the prefatory portion of it, we come to the pith. The speaker is a very happy old person, and he is addressing the youthful heir of a wealthy merchant:

"I am a native of Italy, and my life has been spent chiefly in travelling through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not visited, having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven, I have at last attained. You know," continued he, "my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you, and I think I have it in my power to leave you a gift truly worthy of your acceptance."—Here he paused.

"He drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small tube, of a substance which I had never before seen—it enclosed something which I concluded was a talisman. The old man put it into my hands: upon a nearer view, it appeared to me nothing more than a small instrument, constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions: after I had examined it in silence for some time, my friend took it from me, and placed it near the region of my heart—when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared, a multitude of new divisions became visible. 'There are many more,' said my friend, observing my astonishment: 'there are many more, too nice to be discerned by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover.'—'But what is this liquor?' said I; 'or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of the instrument?'—'The bright characters which you see at the top of the crystal are Arabick,' said he, 'and they signify perfect felicity; the degrees which you perceive marked upon the crystal, form a scale of happiness, descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain—and from that point commence the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in distance from each other, till they touch the characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery and despair.' The liquor which you see contained in the tube," continued he, 'is endued with the power of rising or falling in the crystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure

felt by the person who wears it at any given period of his existence.' I cast my eye down the tube as he held it in his hand. 'Perfect felicity and despair,' I repeated, and sighed: 'how many of my fellow-creatures are doomed to feel the one, how few attain the other.'—'These extreme points,' said the good old man, recalling my eyes to the tube, 'though apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous. It will seldom, however, be found actually at these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision.'—'But,' said I, 'is it not enough for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced I feel it, and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?'—'Perhaps not,' said he, smiling at my presumption—'perhaps not so readily as you imagine. The want of precision in this circumstance is one of the first causes of the mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations from the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations. Guided by the opinion, or the example, of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness; and the experiments necessary to be tried, to set them right, must be so often repeated to make any useful impression, that life itself passes away before they are convinced of their error, or before the conviction has been of any material advantage to them. Now such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy—in all the situations of life—in the most tumultuous assembly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude—at the moment when your soul is the most agitated—when your emotions are the most complicated—when you would not, or could not, enter into any strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little crystal will be your monitor: press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question,—What degree of pleasure or of pain do I now feel? The answer you will find distinct and decided. The liquor in the tube will instantaneously point it out upon the scale of happiness or misery—it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement.'

"Now I began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and retracting my hasty judgment, I expressed, in the warmest terms, my acknowledgement.—'Take it, my son,' said he, putting it into my hands; 'may you, in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done—may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness: my life must now be near its close—my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this monitor; yet, it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, even to you, without reluctance. 'Promise me, however,' added he, 'to send me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiment you try with it; they will be an amusement to me in my retirement.' I readily made my friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, I eagerly clasped the golden chain round my neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations.

"It happened, however, that the evening on which I had intended to commence these, I was visited by one of the most celebrated metaphysicians of that day, a friend of my

father: to him I communicated the secret I had in my possession, and showed him my treasure. Envy flashed in his eyes; he pressed my thermometer to his heart. Instantly the liquor rose almost to the point of perfect felicity; then, fluttering, alternated between that and despair. 'Could I but possess this instrument for one month,' cried he, 'I could solve problems the most interesting to metaphysicians, and I could perfect my theory of the human mind.' Friendship, philanthropy, and, to own the truth, some degree of curiosity to see how high the liquor would rise in the tube, if I should comply with his desire, decided my answer. 'Your wish is granted,' said I: and at that instant the liquor rose to the point of perfect felicity, with such violence, that the tube burst with a sudden explosion; and I, and the world, and the metaphysician, were deprived for ever of our intended experiments on the Mental Thermometer."

To this ingenious allegory, we must add an example of the exquisite poetry of L. E. L.

The Suicide's Grave.

Look on this mound; the newly-turn'd-up earth
Has two or three green patches of wild flowers,
Pale in their slighted beauty; one white group
Of daisies, that, like the sweet gifts of hope,
Spring every where: methinks, it were a spot
Whereon the traveller would love to pause,
And the tir'd peasant rest him from his toil,—
So cool the ashen tree spreads its green cloud,
So beautiful the lanes that from it wind,
So rich the sweep of meadows it commands.
But no! all shun the place; some in vague fear,
And some in pity, some in pious awe:
It is the Suicide's unholy grave:
The one who sleeps here, had no humble prayer
Breath'd o'er the clay it hallow'd by its faith;—
Even in death, shunn'd by his fellow men!

In the small village which that first green lane
Leads to, in serpentine of sun and shade,
By hedges, fill'd with may and violets,
And scarlet strawberries and honey-suckle,
An old man dwelt; he had an only son,
The child of his old age. Himself had led
A life of toil upon the ocean wave,
And came at length to spend his latter days,
In peace and quiet, 'neath the straw-thatch'd roof
Which saw his birth.

A few brief words may tell
How pass'd the early childhood of that boy,
In innocence, in health, and happiness:
But time brings many changes, and he went
To seek his fortune in the crowded city.
It was a sabbath evening when he left
His native village, and the ringing bells
Were pealing cheerfully, and the red light
Made mirrors of the cottage lattices. [shut out
When they had reach'd the green lane, which
The hamlet from their view, the old man paus'd,
And bade the youth look back. "Just such a day
It was when I return'd again to my own home;
May your heart be as light when you come back
As mine was then."

They parted, and the boy
Went on, with hurried steps, as if to leave
His thoughts and tears behind. But once he
paused

Before a brake in the thick hedge's screen;
There lay the meadows, with their fragrant hay,
Breathing of June; the small white cottages,
The garden filled with fruit trees, the clear stream,
The willows crowding on its further bank;
The church, whose window like a rainbow shone;
And there he saw his father, saw him turn
Towards the burying ground, and tears, which
fill'd

His heart, gush'd forth like rain. Why must we
The sweet warm feelings of our earlier time?
The world is as the sea, in whose salt waves,
Like streams, we lose the freshness of our youth.

Long years have pass'd, [slight
Yet look from that green lane, and mark how

The change that time has made; the same clear
Darkens beneath the willow, the red sun [stream
Lights the same colours in the window pane;
And there the cottage, where the old man dwelt,
Looking the same, though he dwells there no
more. [course

Alas! how much the change that marks the
Of time, is only in man's heart and works!
There is such change in cities; towers arise,
And halls and palaces, and the next day
Some other vanity fills up the scene.
But in the quiet valleys, where the hind
Lives in the cottage, follows at the plough,
Which were his father's, time will scarcely leave
A vestige of his flight. Yet, even here
One saddest change has been; that aged man,
Propping his feeble steps by the white rail
Before the workhouse, he is old and blind,
And the rail is at once support and guide.
His eyes have lost their sight with many tears:
The child he lov'd, led step by step to guilt,
Had been an outcast from his native land,
For seven long years. One morning he had crept
By his accusom'd path, rejoic'd to feel
The warmth of summer light upon his brow,
And near his side passed a pale haggard man,
Who turn'd to gaze upon him: 'twas his child!
My Father! groan'd the wanderer, and hid
His ghastly face within his hands; the voice
Pierced to the old man's heart—he knew his son—
He trembled, and the wretched one sprang forth
And caught him in his arms;—but he was dead!
Next day, a corpse was seen upon the river:
They took the body, but they did not dare
To lay the guilty where the innocent
Sleep their last holy slumber: it was laid
In common earth, where careless feet might
It is this mound. [tread:—

BALLAD.

Over the land, and over the sea,
Youth of my heart! will I follow thee.
See, I have doff'd my silken train,
My lace 'kerchief, and golden chain;
For cap and plume I've chang'd my veil,
And my pearl-wreath'd braid of the lily pale;
And for satin slippers, a buskin tied,
Made of the red deer's stiffen'd hide;
And my heavy length of yellow hair,—
Look on the river—'tis floating there.
Last night, I stood in my father's hall,
With broider'd robe, and Indian shawl:
Lovers caught each breath of my sigh,
And vassals watch'd the turn of mine eye;
A sandal-wood lute was in my hand,
And my step was the first in the saraband.
To-night I stand in the hunter's dress,
Belying my weak loneliness.
Instead of music, and dance, and song,
And serviteurs, and a courtly throng,
Is the quiet shade of the greenwood tree;
And for many false hearts, a true one in thee.

And I am happy. Oh! love should live
But for the sweet life itself can give.
Where are gems like the lily, wet
With tears it has kiss'd from the violet?
Where is the lamp in a lady's bower,
Like the first pale star of the twilight hour?
What hand ever waked from the lute a tone
Like the nightingale's voice, when she sings
alone?

Not to the dark city, not to the false court,
Will health, and truth, and love, resort:
Their dwelling is made with the leaf and the
flower,

Amid summer sun-shine and April shower;
They live by the brook and the forest tree,
In a wild sweet home, such as our's will be.

We cannot resist the concluding five stanzas
from another production, by the same sweet
pen, entitled "Home." They strike us as
being exceedingly simple and fine.

Look to the east, where the grey wave
Is blent with the grey sky,
To where the setting sun has left
It's purple pagentry.

How pleasant, in another hour,
Our wand'ring there will be!
When the dim ships, like shadows, ride
Over the star-lit sea.

When sailing in the deep blue heav'n,
The moon, like a young bride,
Comes timid, as she fear'd to claim
Her empire o'er the tide.

Then, to return from the white cliffs,
Where winds and waters beat,
How shall we love the leaves and flow'rs
Of our own calm retreat!

We should be happy;—yet let all
Sweet dreams, like these, depart:
It matters not what'er his lot,—
Love's home is in the heart.

The other leading contents are, Descriptions
of several Cities, of Pictures, Poetry by
Mr. Dale and Mr. Lloyd, a Diary, Charades,
&c. The vignettes and engravings are nume-
rous, and the whole entitled to high praise.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Rameses; an Egyptian Tale, with Historical
Notes of the Era of the Pharaohs.* 12mo. 3
vols. London 1824. Whittaker.

By combining together and weaving into a
tale of fiction, the manners of ancient times
and the events of history have been made
familiar to readers for amusement. Recently
there have been some interesting works of
this class, illustrating the state of society,
the habits and feelings of the Roman people;
and the author of *Rameses* has now adventured
on a still earlier epoch, and, not un-
successfully, produced a picture of one of the
first nations of the world—Egypt. The story
is of two royal brothers, of whom the one is
ambitious, and at last dies in battle; the
other, a hero of a nobler character, who
finally marries the daughter of the high-
priest, and terminates the novel auspiciously.
But the chief merit of *Rameses* is the im-
mense mass of information which it has ga-
thered together from classical literature.
The industry of the writer has been most
laudable, and though it may detract some-
what from the lighter species of reading,
which is generally expected in works of this
kind, it adds considerably to its value in other
points of view. The construction and style
aim often at poetical distinction; and, alto-
gether, these volumes may be agreeably con-
sulted, as throwing a light on the remote era
of the Pharaohs.

Revelations of the Dead Alive. 12mo. pp. 376.
London 1824. Simpkin & Marshall.

There is a considerable degree of ingenuity
in the idea of this volume; some smart writing,
and, we must add, a considerable portion of,
if not nonsense, something very like it. The
Dead Alive is a person, who has, when he
pleases, the power of dying apparently to
the present, and during his trance living in
the future. There is a something whimsical
and amusing in this, and it would have been
an excellent foundation for a short *jeu d'esprit*.
But prophecies made from present prejudices,
and placed in the mouths of our descendants
a couple of hundred years hence, as their
then reigning opinions, extended to a whole
volume, degenerates from what might have
been a humorous satire on prevailing follies,
into the cant of criticism, in which every one
must recognise the impress of existing popu-
lar feeling. And what view shall we imagine
that man to take of our literature, who sup-
poses when Sir Walter Scott's poetry has pe-
rished, and Coleridge and Wordsworth are

scarce known by name, Mr. Hazlitt's writings
will continue to be read and noticed! We
shall, however, leave the opinions of this
writer between himself and the year 2023;
and, as most if not all of his lucubrations
have appeared in a periodical publication,
abstain from even our accustomed mode of
selecting a sample of what we criticise: were
we to quote the least possible part, it would
only show that the author was not deficient
in talent, though talent disguised by affecta-
tion and flippancy.

*Lord Strangford's Poems from the Portuguese
of Camoens*, has, we are glad to see, been re-
produced in a new edition.* These elegant
productions reflect equal honour on the ge-
niums of the author of the *Luísad*, and on the
taste of the noble English translator. Their
having been out of print for some time was a
reproach on the activity of the press; and we
rejoice to have them again before us in the
appropriate form of a handsome little volume.

*The Principles of Rhythm, both in Speech
and Music; especially as exhibited in the Me-
chanism of English Verse.*† Richard Roe is a
name of ill omen; and it seems cruel to at-
tempt to put additional fetters on English
verse. The author's theory is indeed a strange
one; and his work requires to be read with a
fiddle in hand, and reviewed in a music-
book. We feel, therefore, that we cannot do
it justice; for one of our strings snapped
this morning, and notation is an art unprac-
tised by us. We may explain, however, that
Mr. Roe's principal object is to make the
time table applicable to poetical as to musi-
cal composition; this is the — and the — of
his hypothesis. How far it can be done, or
what good it would do, we know not; but
we dislike the idea of reducing bards to the
condition of mere instruments. Why should
we have Scott a pair of bagpipes, Byron a
French horn, Moore a lute of lascivious
tinkling, Campbell a pianoforte, Crabbe a
hurdy-gurdy, Millman a ring of church bells,
Southey a trombone, Wordsworth a pan's-
pipe, Rogers a viol de gamba, Montgomery a
timbrel, Sotheby a German flute, Bowles a
guitar, Procter a bugle,—and even the finer
sex transformed, till Baillie, Hemans, Mit-
ford, L. E. L., Porden, were no better than a
trumpet, dulcimer, fife, harp, and rebeck.

* By Carpenter & Son.

† By the Rev. Rich. Roe, A.B. Dublin, Graisberry.
4to. pp. 220.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract: Letter from M. Simonoff, Professor
of the University of Kasan, to the Central
Commission of the Society of Geography of
Paris.

— HAVING been born at Astracan, for-
merly the capital of a kingdom of the Tartars,
and in the present day remarkable for its rich
trade with Asia, for the great variety of its
inhabitants, and for its proximity to interest-
ing countries, such as the mountains of the
Caucasus, Persia, and Georgia; being estab-
lished at Kasan, which formerly gave its
name to another kingdom of Tartars, and is
now the third city of Imperial Russia, and
the emporium of all the trade of Siberia and
China; and being Member of an University
which regulates public instruction within a
circle composed of fifteen separate govern-
ments,—I trust I shall be able to collect
some information respecting these interest-
ing countries, taken both from my own ob-

servations, and from a correspondence which I propose to keep up with well-informed individuals who reside on the spot.

The district within the control of the University of Kasan is the most extensive and interesting of all the divisions of Russia. Its influence extends from the civilized country of the governments of Kasan, of Nizhnei-Novogrod, of Simbirsk, and of Penza, as far as the peninsula of Kamtschatka; from the delightful climate of the governments of Saratow, of Astracan, and of the Caucasus; and from the burning climate of Georgia as far as the perpetual snows of the coast of the Frozen Ocean. It is on the subject of these countries that I hope to have the honour of keeping up frequent relations with the Society of Geography, after my return to Kasan.

Siberia alone is very worthy of the attention of the learned. That country is strongly calculated to excite their curiosity, by the variety of its climate, of its productions, and of its plants; by the inexhaustible riches concealed within the mountains by which it is crowned; and by the rapid progress of civilization among its inhabitants. It is however almost entirely unknown. Europe has but an incomplete, and in many instances erroneous idea of this rising country, particularly as far as regards the objects which engage the attention of the Society of Geography. The valuable researches of Pallas, of Aclanes, and of other enlightened travellers, have made us acquainted with some very interesting objects of Natural History; but much still remains to be done in order to give us a knowledge of this country.

The sites of several of the towns have not been laid down upon any exact or accurate observations; the height of the mountains has not yet been measured: we cannot depend upon the exactness of the positions, except with regard to some places situated on the road from Kasan to Kiachta, which have been determined by the celebrated academicians Schabert during his journey along with the Russian embassy to China, and to some other towns situated near the sea, which have been visited by several well-informed navigators both of Russia and other countries.

The measurement and survey of the degrees of the meridian are very necessary for the knowledge of the terrestrial globe, especially the measure of a portion of the meridian, the degree of which has been measured in the East Indies. It would be of still greater importance to take in Siberia, the measure of the degree of a circle parallel to the equator. If the Earth is not a revolving solid, then that measure, compared with those which could be taken in Europe, would furnish means of ascertaining its figure. There is no doubt but these different enterprises will be undertaken and executed. What may we not expect from the liberality of our august Sovereign, the Emperor Alexander? You have opportunities of seeing the results of his powerful protection in all the different branches of human information. The travels of M. Vischnewsky, Member of the Academy of Science of St. Petersburg, through European Russia, for the purpose of laying down geographical positions; the astronomical observations and researches of Generals Schabak and Tenuer, in the governments of St. Petersburg and of Wilna; the frequent expeditions sent by order of his Majesty both to the latitudes of the Antarctic Circle, to the Straits of Behring, and to Newfoundland,—give sufficient proof of his anxiety for the

advancement of science. You have already received some accounts respecting the important and perilous labours of M. Wrangel and M. Anjou, who have explored almost all the northern coast of Siberia. Important discoveries are moreover constantly making in the interior of that country; among others, a communication has lately been discovered between the rivers Tase and Enisey, which furnishes a sure and commodious means of sending all kinds of goods to the different people who inhabit the banks of the Tase.

His Excellency M. de Magnitsky, curator of the University of Kasan, a zealous professor of science, neglects nothing that can tend to diffuse information among the inhabitants of this country, or to promote their comfort. In addition to the academies which are supported in the chief towns of the governments, and the schools which have been established in every town, his Excellency has given directions to the University of Kasan to draw up a plan of an extensive Lyceum, which it is proposed to establish in Siberia, and of a Botanic Garden which is to be formed at Krasnoyarsk, or in some other place within the government of Eniseysk, for the purpose of collecting together all the different plants of Siberia. The governors of the schools are provided with instruments, and furnished with the necessary instructions for making all kinds of observations on geology, meteorology, statistics, topography, and in general on all subjects that may tend to the advancement of science. A commission, composed of Members of the University of Kasan, is charged with the examination and arrangement of the numerous Notes and Memoirs which they have already received. - - -

VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.—V.

The Esquimaux Visitors.

THE history of the Esquimaux who visited our countrymen in their winter quarters (1822,) has been so amply and so often told, that we limit ourselves to a very few notes from Mr. Fisher's Journal, in order to avoid repetition. Speaking of the snow huts, which were not only described but figured in the original account of the Expedition which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* on its return, Mr. F. says:

"To depict these snowy fabrics as they deserved, would require the glowing language of poetry. I shall not therefore attempt to give a description of them, but leave it to the reader's own imagination to fancy what the appearance would be of a house built of a whiter material than Parian marble, and, from its semi-transparent nature, admitting a faint light through the whole of its roof. And the contrast in this case between the snowy whiteness of the houses and the swarthy inmates and their dirty furniture, made the thing still more striking; for surely nothing could be more opposite in appearance to snow than black and oily lamps, dirty skins, and people who looked as if they had never been washed since they were born. - - -

"This leads me to make a few remarks on the people themselves; and in the first place I must observe, that although the major part of them displayed in great perfection the genuine Esquimaux features, form, and other personal characteristics of these people, yet there are some amongst them who differ so materially in this respect, that the most superficial observer could not help remarking it. Indeed in some of them the Esquimaux and Indian features are so blended together, as

to warrant the supposition that the Indians (the most likely people from their proximity) have had communication with these in question, and that the mixed race above mentioned are probably their descendants. But let their origin be what it may, there is an evident distinction, and that is sufficient for my purpose, as I do not pretend to trace the source of it. To begin then with the Esquimaux party of this tribe,—they exhibit a broad and flat countenance, prominent cheek-bones, small, dark, and deep-sunk eyes, short pug nose, mouth generally rather large, with thick lips; teeth in most cases short,* and some distance apart from one another; hair of a jet black, coarse, thick, and straight, and all the men a thin black beard on the upper lip and chin, but no whiskers. These may be considered the leading features not only of these people, but of the Esquimaux in general, as far as my opportunities of observation or reading enable me to judge. With respect to the formation of their body, they have peculiarities in this way also; for instance, hands and feet remarkably small, and very large bellies. They appear indeed to be naturally predisposed to obesity, for all parts of their body are plump, which, together with their short stature, and the shape and bulky nature of their clothes, give them a very squatish appearance; so that they look to be much shorter than they really are. The following are the dimensions of three of them; viz. those of the shortest and tallest man of the whole party, and of a third who appeared to me to be about the average size of the natives. I took only the height of the two former; but of the latter the dimensions of various parts of his body, from which a person may be able to form some idea of his figure, and from thence that of the rest, although in this respect the comparison will be rather favourable to them; for this man, Ayooket, appears to be one of the best formed amongst them:

	<i>H.</i>	<i>A.</i>
Height	-	5 64
Circumference of the head	-	1 11
Do of the chest	-	3 32
Do of the arm	-	0 112
Do ditto calf of the leg	-	1 22
Do ditto wrist	-	0 62
Do ditto ankle	-	0 92
Breadth across the shoulders	-	1 32
Length of the face	-	0 82
Breadth of ditto	-	0 52
Length of the middle finger	-	0 32
Do of the thumb	-	0 22
Circumference of the fist, or hand	-	0 82
Length of the foot	-	0 9
Circumference of ditto	-	0 102

The other two men, namely, the shortest and tallest of the party, measured 4 feet 10½ inches, and 5 feet 9½ inches. - - - The colour of their skin is of a deep swarthy hue. The skin of the children, when well cleaned, is tolerably fair: so that we may conclude that the complexion of the grown-up people is affected by their skin being constantly covered with filth, and in some measure by the gross and oily nature of their food."

Our friend was bold enough to measure also one of the ladies (Anikaw,) who was of the ordinary size, and one of the best pro-

* "The front teeth of the adults are thick, and quite flat at the top, resembling grinders more than cutting teeth. This is perhaps owing to their making so much use of them in stretching skins, and in various other operations; for when employed about any thing that requires to be held tightly, they always use their teeth as a kind of vice, or nippers. This has been observed by others as well as myself. One of the Officers remarked to me a few days ago, that he believed those that are most industrious may be known by the shortness and flatness of their teeth."

portioned among them. The following are his results :

	ft.	in.
Height	4	11 1/2
Circumference of the head	1	9 1/2
Ditto chest	1	3 1/2
Ditto arm	1	0
Ditto calf of the leg	1	2 1/2
Ditto wrist	0	6
Ditto ankle	0	8 1/2
Breadth across the shoulders	1	5 1/2
Length of the face	0	7 1/2
Breadth of ditto	0	5 1/2
Length of middle finger	0	3 1/2
Ditto thumb	0	3 1/2
Circumference of the hand	0	7 1/2
Length of the foot	0	8 1/2
Circumference of ditto	0	8 1/2
Length of the hair of the head	1	11

"Generally speaking, I think the women vary less in point of size than the men; but in their case also there are some striking exceptions, for I measured one who was five feet three inches and three quarters high, and another who measured only four feet eight inches. It is but right, however, to observe that the former was the tallest woman of the whole party, and the latter the shortest. And it may also be proper to remark, that in taking the extreme cases both of men and women, I have not attended to any distinction of character, although I am inclined to think that in both the tallest are of Indian or mixed extraction. This leads me to mention in what respects these last differ from those already described. In the first place, then, the most striking difference is that of the countenance, which in the Esquimaux race is broad, flat, and very nearly of a circular form; whilst the visage of the others is long and narrow. The nose of the former is, as I have already described, short and pug formed; whereas that of the latter is large, and of the shape which is called Roman. In their persons also this mixed race are somewhat taller, better made, and less inclined to corpulency. Several other distinctions might be pointed out, but such as have been mentioned sufficiently show that the race in question is not of the genuine Esquimaux stock."

After minutely describing their various garments, Mr. F. says :

"Under the article of dress among the women may be mentioned their manner of tying the hair. All the hair on the head is drawn together, and divided into two parcels, one on each side of the head, which from the ears downwards is wound round with a piece of white deer-skin, in the same manner as Europeans do with ribbons. In the middle of these tails is a piece of wood about the thickness of one's little finger, which makes them stiff, and of course thicker than they would otherwise be. The length of the sticks depend upon the length of the hair, for there is always a small brush or tuft of the latter to be seen at the lower end of these tails, which are generally from a foot to fifteen inches long. They seem to consider a fine head of hair a great ornament. - - - Many of the men had their hair cut by our people at their own request; but I do not believe that any operation of the kind was ever performed on the women. Some locks were got from them as specimens; but as far as I could judge, they considered these gifts as marks of great favour."

The women are tattooed, the men not. Their ornaments are beads, the teeth of foxes, bones, &c.; and Mr. F. tells us—

"I observed an elderly woman having a girdle made of twenty pair of reindeers' ears tied round her waist. As she appeared to be

above sixty years of age, and therefore past the period of life when people take much pleasure in ornamenting themselves, I presume the girdle in question was worn for some other purpose than that of decoration."

Mr. F. now goes on to describe the native canoes, implements of hunting, &c.; but here we must pause.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

Extract of a Letter addressed to Count Chabrol de Volvic, Vice President of the Society of Geography, by M. Graeborg de Hemo, Consul General of Sweden and of Norway, at Tripoli.

Tripoli, 20th August, 1824.

It is probable that we shall shortly receive particular news of the English travellers in the interior of Africa. There was lately sent from Tripoli, in Barbary, a packet full of their manuscripts, &c. which is not to be opened and examined till it arrive in England. Dr. Oudney, after having penetrated far into the country of Soudan, sank under the fatal influence of the climate, and Mr. Toole likewise fell a victim to fever at Kouka, in the kingdom of Bornou, where Major Denham and Mr. Tyrwhitt still were in the month of May last, while Lieutenant Clapperton was advancing alone into Soudan, beyond the Nile of the Negroes.

Account of the Expedition of M. E. de Beaufort into the interior of Africa, by the way of the river Senegal.* Extracted from two Letters from M. de Beaufort to M. Jomard.

Guiguiambourey, 8th April, 1824.

Sir,—I am hurried by the departure of the vessel, and fatigued by writing a number of long letters, and must therefore beg of you to excuse me for the shortness of this letter. I shall remain here two or three days, and during that time shall take an opportunity of writing to you at greater length. My first letter shall contain the solution of any questions I may have been able to solve since my arrival in this country. I should wish to send you the observations I have made on the species of palm trees which ornament the banks of the Gambia, but they are not yet complete. I have renewed, within these few days, the observation I made at the Senegal, on the subject of atmospheric electricity, but with more exactness: I passed the brass wire through a glass tube suspended in the air, leaving a long piece of metal to hang down. The result was the same, that is to say, entirely null, and by no means answered my expectations.

I send you some Shea or Seetoulon butter, in order that you may have it examined; together with a bottle containing an oil extracted from butter of the palm, which I should be very glad to have analysed, particularly on account of a circumstance which gives a new interest to that tree. This oil is the result of the ebullition of the fruit of a palm-tree which I have not been able to refer to any genus, (I follow the *genera plantarum* of M. Jussieu): the fruit is a drupa with a very thin covering on the outside, the kernel contains, as I understand, a considerable quantity of alkaline substance, of which a soap is made. I have not yet been able to procure any to send you as a specimen, but shall endeavour to do so by the next opportunity.

* M. de Beaufort, a navy officer of great information, and most zealous in the pursuit of new discoveries, departed from St. Louis towards the end of the month of January 1824, having furnished himself with a variety of astronomical and philosophical instruments.

Mungo Park's account of the Fang Jany is perfectly correct; it is of the genus of *pandanus*, and its maturity is announced by an explosion accompanied by fire; this fire is subject to communicate with the adjoining bodies, which prevents my sending you a specimen, it having already caused some accidents. I shall, however, carefully watch its progress, and shall endeavour to preserve some of it in oil.

Up to my arrival in this place, I have observed a considerable difference between the vegetable products of the two great rivers, the Senegal and the Gambia.

Guiguiambourey, 12th April, 1824.

Sir,—Considering, as well as yourself, the measurement of the heights of the different places above the level of the sea to be a matter of much importance, I have done all in my power to obtain it; but accidents on the route have too frequently deprived me of my barometers. I wish to have five sent to me as soon as possible, and I entreat you to see that they are expedited without loss of time.

I departed from Saint Louis, the position of which is $16^{\circ} 2'$ and $18^{\circ} 53'$, and reached, by following the same route as M. Mollien, the large village called Cogné, which is estimated to stand in $15^{\circ} 35' N.$ and $18^{\circ} 18'$ long. On the 8th February, at Montabidye, nearly half way between Saint Louis and Cogné, the well gave me a depth of 27 metres;† by taking for the mean of the heights of the barometer at Saint Louis $764^{\circ} 6'$, and in comparing it here, we shall find an elevation of the spring of about 15 metres; the sides of this well, and of those I have since examined, presented me with a soil mixed with clay and sand, and further on (but I will speak of this in its proper place) with ochre containing remains of shells. However, I do not much rely on these indications, which may have relation to the hour at which the instrument was observed; at Cogné, on the contrary, the barometer marked 764, and the well 60 metres. From there I went to Onarioi, $15^{\circ} 24'$ and $17^{\circ} 36'$ long.; the wells are 80 metres, except in that city, where they are operated upon by considerable undulations in the soil, and by the approach of a pond in which the rain-water collects. From Onarioi we proceeded to Onarneo $14^{\circ} 17'$ and $17^{\circ} 15'$; at Iogni (11 miles distance) 66 metres. We then had to cross a desert of some extent, and the water (I know not why, as the soil appeared horizontal) was almost at the surface. It may be found by digging only twenty or five-and-twenty feet.† You will find, Sir, in the letter which I beg you to take the trouble of reading, some reflections which induce me to think that this desert has been inhabited.

In these woods and near Iogni, I have frequently seen a rock of oxide of iron, which I followed as far as the Gambia for a space of nearly sixty leagues; it is a vast heap, in which (except on the banks of that river, where it begins to unite with thin beds of the third class of mineral rocks) I observed no stratification or mixture, except that I have seen it blended, in certain places, with hydrated iron and with sand and crystals of quartz, and become ochreous near Onarneo and mixed with valvons shells, well preserved, as Trigonies, Corbules; I could not discover the species, and there were even many of them which I could not make out at all. Further on, this rock becomes earthy and of

* A French metre=39 inches.

† At Onarneo, 21 metres.

easy decomposition, at Bambouk, where the wells are 25 to 28 metres; and in fine, on the banks of the Gambia, it forms many hills remarkable by their equality of level (about 30 metres in height,) by their declivities, which appear rent, and by the uniformity of their shape; it there presents narrow horizontal strata alternately with thin beds of rough calcareous matter, with sand and with clay.

I arrived on the banks of the Gambia at the close of the month of March. This river appears well sunk in its bed, and the land on each side is decked with rich vegetation, in varied and often pleasing forms: its bed, (notwithstanding the great astonishment which the circumstance creates in my mind,) must be horizontal as far as 120 leagues from the embouchure; for at this distance, in a place called Koukongo, where canoes alone can go, one still observes, and even without any sensible difference between them, the flux and reflux of the tides. In two or three days I intend to embark in a cutter, to go up 10 or 12 tides, as far as a place called Balancon, at about 3 to 4 days' journey from Bakelion, and shall pass by Fattatenda, where our geographers have by mistake placed in their maps a cataract; this I can securely aver, for vessels frequently arrive here which come from a greater distance: and you will perceive, that the part of the Gambia where I am arrived, is not more elevated than Saint Louis, and that the land which separates them is slightly undulated, and forms an irregular curve.

In this space (I mention the fact, on account of the general opinion that poisonous plants are very numerous between the tropics) I did not find a single ombelliferous plant, a single ranunculoid, very few solanums, two or three, not many scrophularia, or apocynums, (unless the asclepias may be so called, and which is very common,) few labiated flowers, or euphorbia, none of the borago genus, or of the erica, a single species of mushroom of the boletus genus; no mosses or heaths; and, in particular, I must state, that I found no coniferous or amentaceous plants, nor any of the melastoma genus; very few composite flowers, and not many of the senecio; but there is a great variety of leguminous and malvaceous plants; some of the capparid genus, and the caprifolium of a new species; terebinthine trees, the dipsacus, and a great abundance of fig-trees, and several encurbitaceous plants, one of which is very poisonous. I will not tease you with remarks of the same nature on insects, which I have also had an opportunity of making. I must add, however, that I have often travelled during the night, and that even in the day time many things have doubtless escaped my attention.

In the other letter which I had the honour of addressing you, I insisted on the observation of the electrometer, only because it is connected with the one made here with respect, to the equality of the two tides, which indicates a great tranquillity of atmosphere near their sources, since they furnish such moderate supplies of water, and as at divers degrees of elevation, electricity is in equilibrium and latent.

Mr. Laing has returned to England, after having been as far as Segou.

I cannot make use of the hand of the natives to write proper names, and I am of opinion that to write them with Arabic characters, without giving the same names as the

Arabs employ, would be a subject of confusion; my journal is the waste-book to which I consign every thing, for which purpose I have printed sheets, prepared for me at Rochefort, of each separate subject, in which I carefully write the names, and indicate in what language I am occupied in increasing the number of dialects with which you are engaged.

P. S. I have just received my instruments from St. Mary; to the generosity of Mr. Bowditch I am indebted for almost all of them. He feels so lively an interest in expeditions of this nature, that he gratuitously sends me all the instruments that I had requested, and even adds others to them; and in this he exercises particular care, which proves that he does not neglect any of the means which may aid in the success of an enterprise similar to his own. His conduct richly deserves the greatest praise. Amongst the number of these instruments is a watch with seconds, and a Barometer by Fortin, which has marked here 763 to 764. There is likewise a needle touched with the loadstone, suspended with silk. It is intended for observing and measuring the daily variations. The Commandant of Saint Mary has added some medicines for my use. I am about to depart for Bambouk, where I shall pass the bad season, and where I shall consequently be able to receive what will be despatched to me.

F. DE BEAUFORT.

(To be continued in our next.)

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—On taking up the Literary Gazette for Saturday, October 23 (two Numbers back) my eye was caught by the following sentence, extracted from Captain Medwin's "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron, &c."

Lord Byron speaks—"I was confirmed in my resolution of shutting my door against the travelling English, by the impertinence of an anonymous scribbler, who said he might have known me, but would not."

I, Sir, am that anonymous scribbler; and I feel desirous, through the medium of your Gazette, to lay before the public the circumstance which appears to have made so deep an impression on his Lordship's mind. Eight years ago I travelled to Italy. Before I set out, and during my residence in that country, I had offers of introductory letters to Lord Byron, which I declined, because I did not think any person, especially a young female, would do well or wisely in seeking his acquaintance. In short, Mr. Editor, I had too much respect for Virtue to pay court to Vice. Some time after my return to England, I published a little work, entitled, "Sketches descriptive of Italy in 1816 and 1817, &c." in which was this passage, as a note on "the charming picture of Giorgione, so admirably described in the witty Beppo of Lord Byron."

I cannot but be flattered by finding, in some cases, a similarity between my own ideas and those since so admirably expressed by Lord Byron in the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold* and *Beppo*. Except the above, I have not altered a single sentence I wrote while at Venice, though sensible that by doing so I lay myself open to the charge of plagiarism.—a charge I can, with truth assert would be wholly unfounded: nor can I have borrowed Lord Byron's ideas from conversation, since I repeatedly declined an introduction to him while in Italy.

This note is, perhaps, foolish, and certainly very ill written; but it seems scarcely sufficient to have raised the storm of indignation which soon after appeared in the form of a

note also, appended, for it could not be said to be *attached*, to the tragedy of Marino Faliero.

[Lord Byron's Note, at least the tenor of it, is we are persuaded so generally remembered, as to render its quotation unnecessary. It may be easily turned to at the end of *The Doge of Venice*, pp. 247, 8 of the 8vo. edition.]

To this I wrote a reply, which, as it contains an explanation of my former statement, I here subjoin.

To the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

My Lord,—In the last note to the Tragedy of Marino Faliero, you have been pleased to comment on a passage in "Sketches descriptive of Italy, &c." and have more than insinuated your doubts of the author's veracity.

In reply I have to observe, that my rejection of the proffered introduction to your Lordship had no connexion with any Italian conversation at Venice or elsewhere. It was in the form of letters from one of your Lordship's friends in England, and was offered and refused both before I went abroad and while I was in Italy.

That your Lordship has been importuned at the instance of these "objects of your abhorrence," the "travelling English," for leave to be introduced, I very well know; but how your Lordship's pertinacious refusal to yield to their wishes, in a "reputation" of the "impertinent assertion," that I repeatedly declined that honour, I have yet to learn. But since the fact appears too extraordinary to your Lordship to admit of credence, I will briefly explain the causes both of the refusal itself, and of its being made known: for though, as an anonymous writer, individual vanity could derive no gratification from the publication of the circumstance, and though such influence must necessarily be slight, it might be beneficial to show—not only that "crowd" so scornfully rejected by your Lordship, but—all into whose hands the work might fall, that there existed one who resolutely refused the highly-prized enjoyments arising from an intercourse with the highest talents, when these are leagued with impiety and vice. Would that those more distinguished persons whom your Lordship names as of previous acquaintance, to some of whom I also am personally known, had evinced an equal sense of the outrage which a licentious life offers to decency, by declining to renew, as I did to commence, any intercourse.

You have now, my Lord, a solution of the motives which prompted the "impudent Sketcher" to make the "disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion" that has excited your Lordship's irritability. When I add, that notwithstanding the seeming ignorance, you were fully aware of the sex of "the Sketcher" at the time you penned the note to your Tragedy, the charge of "disingenuousness" will surely attach to your Lordship. I have been for some time apprized that, conceiving, in the first instance, the writer to be of your own sex, you took steps to demand that satisfaction which the customs of society happily shield us from; and that, upon discovering your mistake, you resolved, since you could not make the offender feel the weight of your sword, she should smart under the edge of your pen.

To this species of satisfaction you are, my Lord, perfectly welcome. The mind which can knowingly vituperate abusive epithets on a female, leaves the less to regret from continuing unknown; while others will from this be enabled to decide how far *he*, who has expressed himself in terms of insolence and contempt towards an entire Nation, can with propriety affix the charge of "impudence" on the

AUTHORESS OF "SKETCHES IN ITALY."

8th May 1821.

This letter was, however, never sent to Lord Byron, nor ever published in England or elsewhere: for the assurances of his friends, and the persuasions of mine, induced me rather to leave his Lordship's attack unanswered, than (since I was myself unassailable by either sword or pistol) to hazard the life or honour of another, it matters not to the public whom.

The cause of silence being now removed by Lord Byron's death, and the subject again brought forward by the above passage in Captain Medwin's recent publication, I am desirous to give publicity to the circumstance, because every thing is important which tends to throw a light, more especially a *true* light, on a character that has so long dazzled and excited the public mind. My own insignificance would have secured you and all the world (on my own account at least) from the "impertinence" of

"AN ANONYMOUS SCRIBBLER."

2d Nov. 1824.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 5.—Yesterday Thomas Le Blanc, Esq. LL. D. Master of Trinity Hall, was elected Vice-Chancellor of this university for the year ensuing.

The following is the subject of the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year: "No valid argument can be drawn from the incredulity of the Heathen Philosophers against the Truth of the Christian Religion."

FINE ARTS.

The Northern Society for the promotion of the Fine Arts, established at Leeds, have lately presented thirty pounds to the English Academy at Rome.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday Mr. Etty was admitted an Associate of the Royal Academy. After having been so long among banditti in Italy, it must be quite consoling to him to find that his acquaintance with them (see his very clever pictures,) has been his passport to so much better society at home!

BRITISH GALLERY.

On Wednesday and Thursday the copies and studies made by the Artists who have this year availed themselves of the opportunity for studying the fine works left for their use at the British Institution, were exhibited to their friends, and the most distinguished amateurs and patrons of the Arts in town; and we are happy to have to state, that many of their productions were of a very superior character, and the whole highly creditable to the rising school.

Views on the Rhine, &c. By Capt. Batt. Part IV. R. Jennings.

St. Gúdula, at Brussels, is a fine and striking subject, and its imposing ecclesiastical architecture is excellently given in this part, which continues Capt. Batt's interesting labours in a style worthy of what has already appeared. The View at Ober Wessel is picturesque, but the Roman arch at Tournay still more singular in effect; while the Minnewater at Bruges is full of grace and repose. The Dom-gasse at Wurzburg completes a Number of great variety and beauty.

MISS FOOTE,

FROM a painting by Clint, engraved by T. Lupton, and published by Mr. Sams, is a print of which, though interesting at this moment, we cannot speak well. The head appears to be too large, and the features anxious instead of displaying the loveliness and animated expression of the original; and, by a bad disposition of the drapery, the limbs seem distorted instead of possessing feminine grace and symmetry. Upon the whole, the compliment of this portraiture has nothing in it to console the fair Actress for the cruel and unmanly treatment she has elsewhere experienced.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LIFE'S WANDERINGS.

A STRANGER in a foreign clime,
I wander'd forth, at will to roam;
No length of way, no lapse of time,
Recall'd to me a thought of home:
Till on my pathway, wild and lone,
I saw a deepening shadow fall;
The azure light of heav'n was gone,
The tempest cloud had darkened all.

From raging winds, and threatening skies,
My trembling spirit sunk in fear:
My slighted home I learnt to prize,
And wished its humble shelter near.
But, how return—bewildered, mazed,
While rose the storm each moment higher?
Hopeless, my tear-dim'd eye I rais'd,
And saw—oh, bliss!—the village spire!
Perplex'd by various doubts no more,
Onward with eager foot I prest;
And soon, my toils and dangers o'er,
I reached my home and was at rest.
Thus, while we wander here below,
If holy Heaven will be our guide,
Through every scene of guilt and wo,
The storms of Fate may be defied!
Oct. 31st.

Rosa.

TO MY FIDDLE.

Come, solace of my lonely life!
Thou soother of each inward strife;
My earthly all, without a wife—

My Fiddle.

As hollow sounds the wintry blast,
And snow and rain are falling fast,
I'll take thee till the twilight's past—

My Fiddle.

Let others boast their harps and lyres,
Kindling within poetic fires;
My Muse than thine no note requires—

My Fiddle.

Friend of my youth, of times gone by,
Sweet messenger of Memory!
When touched thy chords, why heaves the sigh—

My Fiddle?

Light melody once filled my ear,
Nor dreamed the heart of sorrow near,
Nor silent trickled down the tear—

My Fiddle.

They tell that life's a chequered scene,
They tell of hours that once have been,
Of pleasures—but they're gone, I ween—

My Fiddle.

Oh, pensive be thy ling'ring strain,
While o'er those days I live again,
And in past joys lose present pain—

My Fiddle.

Too much—too much! in pity stay—
Or past and all will melt away,
Like shadows from the face of day—

My Fiddle.

Be that the strain, when, lowly laid,
On earth's cold lap I rest my head,
And Friendship communes with the dead—

My Fiddle.

Soft Pity, then, thy strings shall sweep
With murmurs of the distant deep,
And sooth my spirit as I sleep—

My Fiddle.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

A DRAWING ROOM.

I KNOW of no person to whom I can more appropriately address this communication than yourself, whose talents act as a very loadstone for drawing sparks of genius from the sconces of your readers. Happening lately, in company with some other travellers, to put up for the night at a village hovel, alias the Inn, with "dry lodgings for man and beast" on the sign board, we found ourselves packed in a large smoky room, in company with the whole household—men, women, and children; the assembly consisting of no fewer than fourteen persons.

On casting my eyes round the room, the idea suddenly struck me, that every one of the company was simultaneously employed in the act of *drawing*, yet each in a different sense of the word. Mine Host was in the

act of *drawing* a jug of ale from a cask that stood in a corner of the room, while myself was quietly *drawing* a bill on the griddle placed across my knees by way of desk; Miss Molly was busily employed in *drawing* the curtains of the state bed, for the accommodation of as many of the travellers as chose to be flea-bitten; the Post Boy was *drawing* the cork of a gin bottle with appropriate vigour, while the Scullion was still more vigorously employed in *drawing* the fire with her flannel petticoat; the Cook was *drawing* the bowels of a fat goose by the fire-side, and the Nurse was *drawing* little Tommy about the room in a go-cart; my fellow travellers were in the act of *drawing* lots which of them should benefit by the only spare bed, while an Artist-like looking personage in the corner was *drawing* a sketch of the motley group around him; the Dragon in the corner was in the position of *drawing* his cutlass to brighten the blade, and Corporal Flanigan, by his side, was *drawing* the trigger of his piece to try the lock; Mine Hostess was leisurely employed *drawing* her congou in the tea-pot; and, lastly, the village Apothecary was *drawing* a jaw tooth from the sweet mouth of the Dairy-maid. So, Mr. Editor, with your accustomed candour, I think you will allow my hotel, *pro tempore*, the polite appellation of a 'drawing-room.' I am, Sir, your constant reader,
DICK DRAW-CAN-SIR.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Mrs. Centlivre's entertaining comedy of *The Wonder*, was performed here on Friday, for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Yates once more to a London audience. When we had the pleasure some few years since of witnessing this lady's debut at Covent Garden, we argued most favourably of the abilities she displayed, and we predicted, that at no distant period she would become an interesting and accomplished actress. In the opinion we then formed, we are happy to find that we were not mistaken. During her absence in the country she has made the best use of her time. Constant practice in her profession has imparted a confidence to her manner, in which she was formerly deficient, and it has also added very materially to her power of expression. Her performance of *Violante* is entitled to very great praise. She discriminates justly between the gay and volatile, and the serious and sedate parts of it, and in each her delineation is equally successful. As a specimen of the former, we might notice her triumph over Felix, upon the unexpected escape of Colonel Briton; and of the latter, the graceful, and at the same time dignified manner in which, to satisfy the jealous scruples of her lover, she dismisses the Colonel from her window. Upon the whole, therefore, we congratulate Mrs. Yates upon her being restored to her situation in the metropolis, the only proper sphere for her to move in; and we also congratulate the Manager upon the valuable acquisition he has thus made to his company. The next novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Miss Nicol from Edinburgh, in the part of Flora. Of this lady's pretensions we can hardly judge upon so slight an acquaintance. She is easy and unembarrassed in her deportment, and evidently understands the business of the stage. At present, however, there is little or no opening for the sort of talent she appears to possess. Ellis-

ton's Felix is well known to the public, but it is not so good as it used to be. His comedy is now too solemn and severe. If he would move a little quicker, and speak a little quicker, it would be a great improvement. Harley's Lissardo was very whimsical; and Mrs. Orger gave a consequence to the little part of Inis which, in other hands, it rarely assumes.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday we attended a representation of *Venice Preserved*, for the purpose of seeing "a Lady" make her first appearance in London in the part of Belvidera. Five years have now elapsed since Miss O'Neil retired from the stage, and it is somewhat extraordinary that during the intervening period, not one out of the many candidates who have come forward to fill the situation which that lady occupied, have been able to make a permanent impression upon the public mind. Some have brought with them a great provincial reputation, which, when weighed in the London balance, has been found wanting. Others have made a tolerable stand in a single part, and failed when they attempted a variety—whilst others again have broken down at their first effort, and literally "died and made no sign." The fair subject of our present notice can hardly be ranked with any of the preceding classes. She undoubtedly possesses talents which would justify the Manager in giving her a trial. Her conception of the character is good; her personal appearance interesting; and her general style of acting such as we cannot but approve; but at the same time there is an obvious deficiency, and one (particularly in the present state of our theatres) that it is impossible to remedy—she is very much wanting in power and expression. As far the tenderness of Belvidera is concerned, we find her very satisfactory. Her gentle and subdued sorrow is also within the grasp of her abilities;—but when, in the latter part of the play, her distresses increase, and her afflictions multiply; when she can scarcely bear up against the tide that is ready to overwhelm her—then her physical powers begin to fail her, and her grief becomes childish and extravagant. Her most successful scenes, therefore, were those in which tenderness and conjugal endearment were most predominant. The whole of the first and second act were greatly admired, and she exhibited many very pretty touches of taste and feeling; but in her interview with Jaffier in the fourth, and her mad scene in the last, she was by no means so happy, and consequently weakened considerably the favourable progress she had been previously making. Through the whole, however, she was received with kindness, and at the fall of the curtain the spectators were loud and vehement in their expressions of applause. Mr. Young, on this occasion, was the "Pierre," a part peculiarly suited to his open manly countenance and his gallant bearing—a part in which there is much dashing declamation and little passion—adapted, therefore, in the highest degree, to his style of acting, and his showy appearance. Of Mr. C. Kemble's Jaffier we know not how to speak in terms of sufficient praise. It was always a clever performance, but now that it is become mellowed by age, it approaches perfection as nearly as any of the personifications of the modern stage. By the public generally, the difficulties of making a favourable impression in this part are not duly estimated.

Jaffier is one of the most despicable wretches that the imagination ever conceived, or the poet attempted to depict. Induced to join in a conspiracy against the state, for the sole purpose of satiating his own revenge; feeble-minded, wavering, and inconstant; he involves himself uselessly in all sorts of difficulties, which he afterwards endeavours to get out of by cowardly submission. He then as unaccountably betrays the friend whom he loves, and the wife whom he adores, and finally becomes the destroyer of himself. To fight against the opinion which an audience must necessarily entertain of such a character as this, is no easy task, and the greater credit therefore is due to the actor who can surmount its difficulties and obtain for him either commiseration or respect. The rest of the characters, particularly Chapman's Renault, which is worthy to be named in the same breath with the Jaffier and the Pierre, were well sustained, and the Tragedy was announced for repetition with general approbation.

HAYMARKET.—After all, this seems to be the theatre for first appearances; for, in addition to Mr. Raymond, Mr. Pritchard, and Mr. Duff, who have all been imported within the last week, Mrs. Hamblin came out on Saturday in Lady Teazle, and Miss George on Monday in Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*. The former lady, who is a daughter of our old favourite Blanchard, is a quiet, unobtrusive sort of actress, and in sentimental comedy, we dare say, she would appear to advantage. Lady Teazle, however, is beyond her mark. The other lady, Miss George, is a clever singer, with a good voice and great facility of execution. She was loudly greeted upon her entrance, and much applauded throughout her performance.

Mr. Mathews has been again at Home at the Lyceum, and, like other fashionable at homes, there has been prodigious crowding and squeezing. This admirable performer purposes to go through his wonderful efforts during the present month.

POLITICS.

There is no news, except contradictory rumours from Greece and South America.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Maturin.—The Dublin journals received yesterday, announce the death, on the preceding Sunday, of the Rev. Mr. Maturin, the author of many well known works.

The Duc de Brancas Lauraguais.—This venerable nobleman, a Peer of France, and a Member of the Academy of Sciences, died lately, at the age of ninety-one years and three months, of a fit of the gout, which fixed itself in the chest. After having been distinguished as a Colonel, in the campaign of 1757, M. de Lauraguais devoted himself with ardour to the cultivation of science and letters. To him is owing the discovery of the decomposition of the diamond (at which he laboured in common with his unfortunate friend M. Lavoisier,) and the improvement of the manufacture of porcelain. Inoculation for the small-pox is considerably indebted to him for the rapidity with which it spread in France. Nor will the friends of the dramatic art ever forget that it was he who, by a large pecuniary sacrifice, prevailed on the Managers of the French Theatres to remove from the stage the seats (*banquettes*) which were

absurdly placed there for rich spectators, and which destroyed all scenic illusion.

Diorama.—The French Journals speak in terms of high commendation of a new painting just opened for exhibition at the Diorama in Paris, the subject of which is Rosslyn Abbey. The illusion is said to be as complete as if that Gothic structure (one of the most curious specimens of the architecture of the fifteenth century, and which unites simplicity of plan and elegance of form with richness and variety of details) had been itself actually transported into the heart of the French Metropolis.

The red snow of the Alps and Northern regions is now determined to be an *Alga*.

Dutch Expedition.—The Dutch Government has sent out a ship of discovery to the South Seas, under the command of Captain Wellington.—*Ed. Journal of Science.*

In making his experiments on the preservation of the coppering on ships' bottoms, by means of pieces of zinc, Sir H. Davy has, it is stated, "found that the defended copper is more liable to become foul by the adhesion of barnacles, weeds, &c. than the undefended, because the oxide on the latter poisons the animals, whereas the clean metallic surface does them no harm. It will be necessary, therefore, as we believe Sir Humphry has suggested, 'to weaken the defensive action by diminishing the extent of defending surface to such a point as to allow a slight oxidation of the copper sufficient to repel the animalculæ, but not sufficient to occasion a serious waste of the metal.'—*Id.*

M. A. Chevallier, of Paris, having been consulted by a gentleman respecting the best method of preventing a pond in his garden from putrefying, recommended the employment of animal charcoal. The experiment was tried with perfect success. The small pond or basin was about nine feet in diameter, and three deep. The water proceeded from a spring; but towards autumn it became putrid, and exhaled a mephitic odour. On the 10th of August 1823, 45lbs. of animal charcoal, in powder, were thrown into it, care being taken to spread it equally on the surface, where it at first floated, but afterwards fell to the bottom. The effect of this was to remove all offensive smell from the water; and M. Chevallier, upon examining a bottle of it, found that it had neither an offensive smell nor taste, though it had been out of the pond for eight days.—M. Chevallier observes, that the animal charcoal which has been thus used in a pond, might, when taken out, be employed as a manure, as it gives out by slow degrees to vegetable bodies the substances which it has absorbed.—See the *Journal de Pharmacie* for 1824, p. 73.—*Id.*

If any doubt can still exist that stone axes were really either Scandinavian or Saxon implements of war, it is removed by an extract from an ancient Teutonic romance of the eighth century, to be found in Eccard's *Commentaries 'de Rebus Franciæ Orientalis.'* This has been reprinted in an interesting work on Northern Antiquities, edited by Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Weber. The passage to which I allude is thus translated: 'Then they first let ashen spears fly with rapid force, that they stuck in the shields. Then they thrust together resounding stone axes.' The expression *stone axes* is in the original *Staimbort*,—a term compounded of such words of later orthography as *stein*, a stone, and *barte*, an axe. Hence I have had no hesitation in giving to stone axes the only name by which

we find them to be recorded—namely, *Steinbartes* or *Stainbarts*.—*lb.*

We have often had occasion to notice the remarkable practice of the Shakers in America, of cutting the hardest steel with a revolving wheel of the softest iron. Mr. Perkins repeated the experiment in London, and since that time it has excited general notice in every part of Europe. - - The most careful investigation of this curious process has been made by M. M. Darier and D. Colladon, of Geneva. - - Having ascertained that the effect is not owing to the annealing of the steel, and found that the effect was not increased by the fragments of steel, which, after some time, collect on the iron wheel, our authors justly suppose that the whole effect is directly mechanical, arising from the brittleness of the steel, which is torn asunder before it has time to introduce itself among the molecules of the soft iron; and they consider it as analogous to the penetration of wood by a ball of tallow.—*lb.*

Influence of Prussic Acid upon Vegetation.—M. C. J. Th. Becker, in his *Dissertation de Acidi Hydrocyanici et perniciosi in Plantis*, which appeared at Jena in 1823, in 4to. has performed a number of experiments, from which it follows that the Prussic acid, prepared according to Vanquelin's method, destroys vegetable life in nearly the same manner as it acts upon animals. Grains immersed in this acid die, or lose their germinating faculty. The more delicate vegetables yield to it more readily than the robust ones.

Ammonia disengaged from Plants during Vegetation.—M. Chevallier has determined the very curious fact, that the *Chenopodium vulvaria* spontaneously disengages ammonia in a very free state during the act of vegetation; and he has also found, in conjunction with M. Boullay, that a great number of flowers, even among those which have a very agreeable odour, spontaneously disengage ammonia during vegetation. M. Chevallier likewise obtained ammonia from the *Chenopodium vulvaria* by distillation.—*lb.*

Annual return of Migrating Birds to the same spot.—The late Dr. Jenner, in a curious paper on the migration of birds, published since his death in the Phil. Trans. for 1824, mentions the following curious experiment: "At a farm-house in this neighbourhood I procured several swifts, and by taking off two claws from the foot of twelve, I fixed upon them an indelible mark. The year following, their nesting places were examined in an evening, when they had retired to roost, and there I found several of the marked birds. The second and third year a similar search was made, and did not fail to produce some of those that were marked. I now ceased to make an annual search; but at the expiration of seven years a cat was seen to bring a bird into the farmer's kitchen, and this also proved to be one of those marked for the experiment.—*lb.*

Benzoic Acid in the Oil of Dahlia.—M. Payen having obtained an essential oil from the Dahlia, has determined, by numerous experiments, that it contains two substances, and that the crystallizable matter presents several of the characters of Benzoic acid.—*lb.*

Mr. Seebeck of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, has inserted a memoir in its Transactions, on the unequal degrees of heat in the prismatic colours. The following are the principal results—

"1. There is always heat produced in the

prismatic spectrum, which is least in the limits of the violet.

2. The heat increases through blue and green; and,

3. Reaches its maximum in yellow for certain kinds of prisms, particularly of water; and according to Mr. Wünsch, also of alcohol and oil of turpentine.

4. The solution of sal ammoniac, and of corrosive sublimate and concentrated colourless sulphuric acid, produce the highest degree of temperature between the yellow and the red, in the orange.

5. Crown glass or common white glass has the warmest point in the middle of red.

6. Flint glass moves the warmest point beyond the well-defined spectrum. (Mr. Seebeck adopts here the limits as given by Newton.)

7. Beyond the red, the degrees of temperature diminish, but a slight action is perceptible in all the prisms."

Mr. Seebeck had found that the colour of muriate of silver produced by the action of the prismatic spectrum is different in proportion to these colours themselves, being reddish-brown in and beyond the violet, blue or bluish-gray in the blue, unchanged white or faintly tinged with yellow in the yellow, and red in and beyond the red.—*lb.*

FACETIE.

Learned Streets.—The Greek alphabet is in more request than would be imagined in our names of streets, cottages, &c. Thus we have the a Cottages, Regent's Park; γ Cottage, (Mr. Foscolo's); κ Cottage, Regent's Park, so called by a young Irish poet, after any Greek letter indeed, but his own dear Cappagh in Ireland; the King's μ; and many others. ν Street, ν Church, ν College, ν Road, &c. π Corner, Paternoster p; and Westminster Hall—aye, or the Apothecaries'—may safely be called φ Hall.

Irish Oratory.—Teddy O'Shanaghan complains to us of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he accuses not only of decking Sir Boyle Roche with an honour not his own, but of spoiling the coronet itself. The N. M., it seems, assigned to Sir B. a flower of speech which sprang from Sir Jonah Barrington, and quotes the former as saying of a crocodile, that he "put his hands into his breeches pocket, and shed feigned tears;" whereas the real trope belonged to the latter, and was uttered in one of the Four Courts, as is related in the following part of our Correspondent's epistle: "The story has been served as my poor friend Opie did a lady, who was leaning over the back of a chair. One of her admirers exclaimed what a graceful position it was. 'No,' (cried Opie;) that cannot be called a graceful position; which depends solely on a chair.' Arguments were preparing to refute him; when, stepping up to the lady, he said, 'Pray, Madam, remain exactly in your position, and let me remove the chair.' He did so, and the graceful lady exhibited the most ridiculous position imaginable, as you will find if you try it. Well, Sir, my poor friend Sir Jonah's chair has been taken away, and his position is ridiculous. I heard him, Sir, say the thing, and well Lord Norbury recollects it. Sir Jonah wished to expose the hypocrisy of his client's adversary, who had made an illegal seizure. Sir Jonah brought before us the scene of the family leaving the deserted village. The landlord was there. 'And what did he do, (said Sir Jonah)—this cruel-hearted landlord? Why I will tell you, my Lord, what he did; he put his hand into his pocket like a

crocodile, pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped off hypocritical tears!"

EPIGRAMS, ETC. (Concluded from No. 402.)

On a Villain.

The wise and noble live not long, they say;
The wicked too must die, and dying what are they?
Thus deep the curse that thou wert ever born,
Though sin point out its promise to thine eye,
Retorts upon thyself, with fiend-like scorn,
The doubly bitter curse, that thou, e'en thou,
Shalt die.

Woman's Love.

Woman's the soul of Love, I've heard men say;
Then 'tis no wonder, if she flies away.

From Martial.

You, gaily clad, despise my ragged gown;
I grant 'tis ragged, but it is my own.

From Virgil.

It rains all night, Joy beams again with day,—
Great Jove and Cæsar hold divided sway.

From the Greek.

One man found some gold, and so quitting his
He snatch'd up the guineas and fled; [halter,
To other coming just after, and missing his money,
Adopted the rope in its stead.

From the Latin (by a modern hand; it was addressed to the King of France, and intended to be engraved over the Porch of the Louvre.

With no such state the universe is bless'd,
Of no such city any state possess'd;
Within no city such a house you'll see,
No house, great king, a master owns like thee.

From Sannazarius.

Neptune, amaz'd, his darling Venice saw
Rule th' Adriatic with decided law [display,
'Now, Jove, (he cried,) thy favourite Rome
Tarpeian Rome, whom Tyber's streams obey.
Shall Tyber's streams with mighty ocean vie?
Which state best proves its sire a Deity?" Q. J.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Love-Letters of Mary Queen of Scots to James, Earl of Bothwell; with the Love Sonnets, and Marriage Contracts, (being the long-missing Originals from the Gift Casket;) explained by State Papers, and the writings of many historians, &c. so as to form a complete history of the origin of the Scottish Queen's woes, collated by Hugh Campbell, Illustrator of Ossian's Poems, is in the press.

Og, King of Bashan, has been made the subject of a bad Romance in Paris? - - Is the Parisian writer aware that Og (Hebrew) signifies a mock?

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 28	from 40 to 54	29.60 stat.
Friday..... 29	41 - 52	29.63 - 29.49
Saturday..... 30	36 - 49	29.76 - 30.06
Sunday..... 31	34 - 50	30.02 - 29.74
Nov.—Monday.. 1	37 - 57	29.58 stat.
Tuesday..... 2	47 - 61	29.66 - 29.49
Wednesday.... 3	39 - 52	29.70 - 29.70

Wind NW. and SW., the latter prevailing. Generally cloudy; rain at times. Frequent flashes of lightning the evening of the 29th, from 7 to 9, in the E. and NE. Rain fallen .425 of an inch.

The Comet appears to be much smaller and less brilliant; but whether this is owing to its actual decrease in splendour, or the brilliancy of the Moon, is difficult to say.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has very little spare time, but will do what he can for E.—The lines, "Fading Leaves," are not to be found among the stores marked for insertion when opportunity admits.

We do not like the compound epithets in Home. The "Sailor's Dream" was seen; has not been used.

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